SALON

OF

1897

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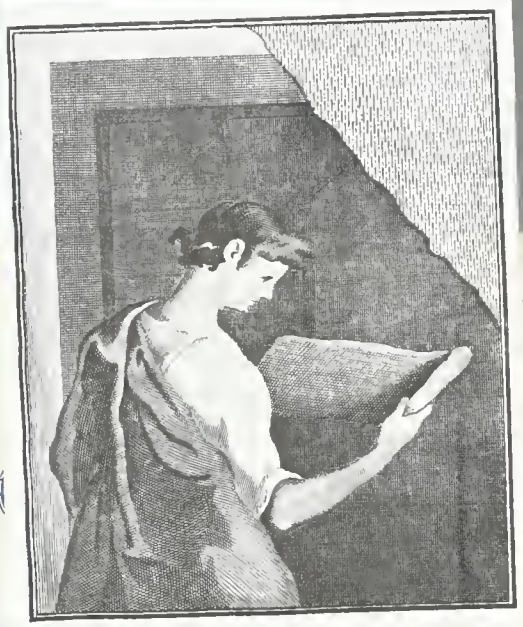

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HOLLAND EDITION

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PARIS & NEW YORK

SALON OF 1897

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With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON

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N° 08

AN ARMFUL OF FLOWERS

GASTON SCHEFER

GOUPIL'S

PARIS SALON OF 1897

One Hundred Plates—Photogravures and Etchings

AND

ONE WATER COLOR FAC-SIMILE

BY

GOUPIL & C°

With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON

GOUPIL & C°

ART PUBLISHERS

JEAN BOUSSOD, MANZI, JOYANT & C°

ART PUBLISHERS, SUCCESSORS

PARIS & NEW YORK

1897

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THE SALON

IN THE

CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.

PAINTING.

For the last time, we enter the Palais de l'Industrie, already almost a ruin, under which are being dug, even while we visit it, the foundations of the monument by which it is to be replaced. Here it is that, during two-and-forty years, have been held the sessions of contemporary art. Here have appeared in all their pristine freshness the works of modern artists, whose names the future will preserve—those whom it does preserve.

Therefore we owe at least a farewell salute to that Palace, heavy and simple of aspect, but in which so many beautiful productions have been brought together. We owe it, even, much gratitude and many regrets for the hours of refined pleasure it has provided, during our long promenades through the exhibitions that been held here.

We smile at the romantic phrase : "Walls have eyes and ears." But in one sense of the words, the saying is not so ridiculous as it may seem. Imagination or reality, something clings to walls of all the things that have passed within them. Wandering through the shrunken galleries of this year's Salon, one thinks of those that have preceded it. We shall not recall them, even by a word ; that would be re-writing the history of modern painting. It is not without interest, however to skim the catalogue of the Fine Art Exhibition of 1855, birth-date of the Palace which is now to disappear.

A comparison between 1855 and 1897 would not be just. It would be too easy to crush the present with the glories of the past. Of the works of the past, the best only are remembered ; the poor and mediocre have died out of memory, many out of existence : while the present offers us its productions pell-mell; whole fields of tares with a few good and fruitful wheat-ears towering here and there. And then, it would really be snatching an unfair verdict, to lay the catalogue of 1855, representing the pick of thirty years, against that of 1897, which resumes only one year's labour.

Yet the reading of this catalogue of 1855, which every now and then seems as though it were that of the Louvre, suggests some sufficiently unlooked-for reflections. One lesson among others may be drawn from it, of which many contemporary artists might well take heed : the artistic education of those great painters of the Romantic school, of those admirable landscape-painters who, in their own days, were innovators, and discovered many things in Nature of which the world had been ignorant hitherto.

We know whence comes the art of Ingres and of Delacroix. The portraits of Ingres, worthy at whiles to be paralleled with the

COMPASSION

finest works of the Renaissance, have ancestors that are known to us. Whatever be the perfection attained by the artist, his point of view is not absolutely novel. But where are the progenitors of Corot, Rousseau, Millet, to cite only these? Where find them among the twenty-five thousand pictures that fill the galleries of Europe, representing four centuries of painting? Still, whether one will or no, one is always son to somebody. These also had their masters, frequented a studio, hearkened to a teacher, accomplished their artistic apprenticeship.

The catalogue of 1855 furnishes us with a categorical answer, the answer ceaselessly repeated by experience, but which may not be without astonishment for many contemporary painters who believe themselves the pupils of none but themselves.

Théodore Rousseau, who exhibited thirteen pictures, among them the "Marsh in the Landes" and the "Edge of the Forest," does not give the name of his master. We know it, nevertheless : it is that of Lethière, the classical painter of Roman tragedies, whose horizon was that of the Forum, whose personages the fierce Quirites. Corot calls himself pupil of Victor Bertin, representative as well as professor of historical landscape. Courbet is pupil of Hesse, academic painter of historical subjects; and this same Courbet, who, ten years later, was still to pass for unappreciated, as one rejected by all the juries, exhibits in 1855 eleven pictures, among them the "Stone-Breaker" and the views of the "Valley of the Loue." Millet, who discovered the style and the nobility of the peasant, comes from the studio of Paul Delaroche, as does Daubigny. Paul Huet is pupil of Guérin and Gros. Decamps gives Abel de Pujol as his master. Rosa Bonheur receives lessons from Léon Cogniet; and Théodore Chassériau, who paints like Delacroix, is pupil to Ingres.

What conclusion is to be drawn from all this? No other, if it be not that all these veritable creators, these explorers of unknown springs of beauty and emotion, received a classical training, that very training which seems so useless to the pupils who undergo it, which

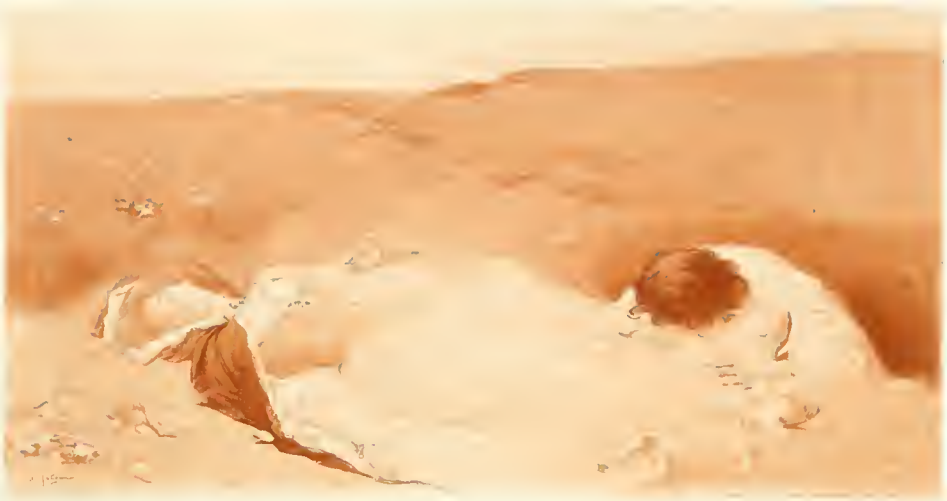
is bitterly regretted when they attain maturity by those artists to whom it has been refused. Their genius was not trammelled by it nor their originality lessened. On the contrary, they gained from it that dignity and force which uphold their works in spite of the degradation of the time. In what does it consist, after all, if not to make us profit by the experience of the masters who have preceded us, and to teach us, in a moment, that which they have conquered after long and painful effort? In order that the demonstration were complete, it would be necessary for us to give the other side, and cite the names of masters who reached the same height without having passed through the classical course of study. But we find none who can be named after those of whom we have spoken. Furthermore, it is enough to glance over those contemporary schools which have tried to free themselves from these so-called chains. They have wished to originate only from themselves, listen only to their own voice. Therefore has offended Art smitten them with the most deadly penalty at her disposal: mediocrity.

On entering the Salon of 1897, we encounter a great and noble landscape, signed with a name that we have up to the present only seen attached to historical paintings: the "Lauraguais," by Jean-Paul Laurens. The general effect is at once powerful and agreeable. One might take it for an immense water-colour. And it is, in fact, something of the kind, a sort of fresco on canvas, destined to form part of the decoration of the great Hall of Worthies *(Salle des Illustres)*, in the Capitol of Toulouse. The landscape of Laurens is a view of the hillocks of the Lauraguais. In the bottom of a valley, of which the yellow sides are still covered with the stubble of the last harvest, ploughmen are driving the plough, drawn by grey, heavy-horned oxen. The ground ranges itself in vast undulations, whose austere lines are barely broken, here and there, by a bush or a bunch of trees. These waves of earth rise gradually to the summit of the picture and there lose themselves in a bluish horizon. Up to this

ENTRY OF JESUS INTO JERUSALEM PALM SUNDAY

Veronica Gaffiot le Breton

point there is nothing in the vast panel but a decorative landscape. A detail of costume makes it an historical composition. These ploughmen who, each in his field, almost side by side, toil as though they had to make up for lost time, these ploughmen are in mediæval costume. This fixes the date, and at the same time the meaning of the picture. In reality it is an historical painting, with this added



originality that a rustic tableau is a rare thing in the history of civil wars, and above all in those of time past. "Le Lauraguais" represents the morrow of that episode of the siege of Toulouse which the same artist exhibited last year under the title of "La Muraille" (The Wall). The siege raised, the peasants of the neighbourhood, who had taken refuge in the town, hurried back to the fields. The deserted country re-peopled itself; the oxen, hidden in the forests, returned to the stables; the interrupted work of cultivation was resumed; suspended life took up its march again, and, in the words of the local legend: "If the shadow of Montfort passed upon the air, he who had mown down everything, who had swept away everything, would see nothing but men toiling."

A majestic serenity fills the atmosphere. One must not look for

the poetry of nature surprized in her intimity, the charm of a spectacle which is in itself all-sufficient. The artist has not aimed at that; he has tried to express the joy of field-labour, the consolation of peace after the horrors of war, that profound heart-lightening experienced by all who underwent the siege of "l'Année Terrible" in once more finding themselves amid the spring sweetness of the country. Properly speaking, this landscape is Impressionist in the true sense of the word, in the sense that it embodies an impression received by the artist and by him communicated to us, and not one of those felt but not conveyed, as is most often the case. "Le Lauraguais" is a new departure in the work of J.-P. Laurens, as brilliantly successful as it was unexpected. It is to be hoped that he will not stop there on the fresh path his great talent has found for itself.

Altogether different is the sentiment animating the two beautiful landscapes of M. Harpignies: "Solitude" and the "Banks of the Rhône." In Laurens' work the landscape is the means of expressing a human sentiment; in that of Harpignies, the landscape is loved and described for itself. M. Harpignies, inheriting the great tradition of the Landscapists of 1830, expresses his vision of Nature with a firmness which at times is almost hard, but of which it is impossible not to see the poetry and grandeur. Almost all his landscapes might entitle themselves "Solitude" like the present one; for the living figure is always absent. His plains or his thickets are hardly ever traversed by man or animal. They are inhabited, however; but only by the trees which are found in them. M. Harpignies is a portraitist of trees, which he poses and designs as though they were personages. He gives them a character, makes of them individuals who draw together or apart in significant groups; they have an expression. It is in this way that the deserted landscapes of M. Harpignies possess an intimate life and beauty of their own.

The sea-port of M. A. Vollon is the work of a master painter, who is nothing but a painter, without the shadow of a hidden thought or mental reservation, but who is that to perfection. It is

[illegible] H. P. D. THE LORD [illegible] AT MALT

LIONEL POYER

a delight to the eyes, this rich, transparent painting. One feels in contemplating it that full satisfaction which can only be given by a powerful execution for which no difficulty seems to have existed.

One might advise its careful study to M. Matignon, who has treated pallidly, though with a certain distinction, one of the most moving subjects possible : "The Death of Manon Lescaut." Ever since the publication of the Abbé Prévost's master-piece, that scene has tempted painters and illustrators. There are few so touching as the disappearance of the little courtesan in the then unknown deserts of the New World. "It was a country covered with sand. I broke my sword in order to dig with it, but it was of less use to me than were my hands. I opened a deep trench. There I laid the idol of my heart, after taking care to wrap her in my clothes, that the sand might not touch her. I did not do so until I had kissed her a thousand times, with all the ardour of the most perfect love." M. Matignon has realized emotion and delicacy ; it remains for him to attain strength and vigour.

After having saluted in passing the "Portrait of Cardinal Vaughan," by Madame de Wentworth, we return to great decorative compositions.

M. Henri Martin possesses rare artistic qualities. "Toward the Abyss" is once more the pursuit of a Chimera. At sunset, amid the sand-hills of a boundless desert, the Chimera, a woman, young and bat-winged, advances with swift steps. Covered but not concealed by a sombre and mystic drapery, belted with poppy-heads, she waves behind her, as a bait, a tuft of thistle-down, and looks with mocking eye to see if the crowd that follows her is not discouraged in its futile quest. Needless mistrust! Humanity is "afire for a lie"; it holds only to its illusions, and it has reason enough to pursue them in bitter earnest, inasmuch as they are its only form of happiness. That mad Humanity, M. Martin has symbolized in a troop of old and young, men and maidens, of children even, all crowned with roses as though leaving a feast; and all precipitating themselves

feverishly towards her who leads them on to death; a death close at hand if we may believe the ravens already circling overhead.

This is, or may be, the meaning of the design; for the indeterminate is the weak point, and at the same time the charm, of all philosophical compositions. They may equally well express quite contrary ideas. But that which matters, above all, in a picture, is the painting; the thought is something in addition: some say that it detracts.

However high the qualities a picture may possess, it is its defects that first catch the eye. Let us at once deal with that of M. Martin's work: the composition is far below the level of the conception. One looks in vain here for that balance of mass, that harmony of movement, which even, and above all, in the most exuberant works, afford a complete pleasure to the intelligence as to the eye. Defect common enough nowadays. With a few rare exceptions, our artists seem to have forgotten the art of composition, which is the one essential condition to endurance of all painted work. Time effaces or blackens colour; the charm of youth attaching to every new-born work evaporates inevitably. Remains the foundation itself; that is to say, the composition and design. It is by that

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MASSACRE

that it lives or dies. Those of our contemporaries who have sacrificed everything to the subtleties of colour, will leave to the future only the list of their names.

With this reserve, M. Martin's picture appears luminous, warm and transparent of atmosphere, the work of a colourist, equal to "Hercules between Vice and Virtue" and to the "Chimera," a little below the level of his decoration for the Hôtel de Ville, which remains to this day the most seductive of all his works.

The "St. George," of M. Georges Bergès, is an original conception. Here is a St. George whom we have not met always and everywhere; not the eternal knight, hurling himself and horse at full gallop, lance in rest, against a giant snake that writhes before him. M. Bergès has passed over the combat and painted the victory. St. George, as conqueror, drags after him, attached to the pommel of his saddle, the body of the monstrous bird-reptile, a bit of the broken lance protruding from its side. But his charger, his brave companion in the fight, parched with thirst and harassed by fatigue, has stopped before a fountain. His bleeding muzzle plunged into the great basin of cold water, he drinks deeply and long; while the saint, motionless in the saddle, waits with grave patience for his trusty steed's complete refreshment. In the background, a group of women regard the hero, some with gestures of pious admiration for the wonder of his victory, and one, a woman of the people with her nursling at her back, sparing but a hasty look at the monster and anxious only to get back home, her pitcher full.

All the personages of the scene, including the horse, have been exactly seized. The face of the saint is intelligent and energetic, and we are spared that ecstatic look usually considered necessary to God's elect. The dragon, bird with alligator's head, is sufficiently curious. The women at the fountain are treated with a care usually reserved to figures in the foreground. In short, everything combines to make of M. Bergès' "St. George" a remarkable achievement.

The "Birth of Pegasus," by M. Etcheverry, is the work of a

colourist who loves the play and sheen of beautiful fabrics, the glitter and flash of gems, the iridescence of scales and shells. The artist has thus lifted his subject out of the pallid languor to which academic tradition seemed to have condemned mythology for ever.

Antique myth forms an inexhaustible mine of ideas, all artistic. Any one of its legends affords the painter an admirable framework for all that his soul contains of intellect and imagination. Greek mythology is always new, because forever unknown, the most impenetrable of enigmas. Four centuries of painting are far from having exhausted the subject. Everything needs continual new treatment, every generation putting into the old myths its own sentiments, its own ideas. It suffices for an artist to have once plunged into that infinite and teeming ocean, to return laden with the spoils of its most magnificent fauna, and to enrich his memory with the most marvellous visions.

Perseus, obeying the orders of King Polydectes, undertakes the destruction of the Gorgons. Protected by the Ægis, lent by Minerva, wearing the helmet given by Pluto, which renders him invisible, and armed with an iron glaive, he penetrates into the cavern where sleep the dread sisters. At one blow he beheads the most redoubtable, Medusa, once upon a time the fairest among women, now the most hideous, and from her blood springs Pegasus, the winged horse, in an instant, fully formed, and launches himself toward Olympus, to be tamed by Minerva.

The "Orpheus," of M. Foreau, on the contrary, airs his melancholy in a fantastic forest, where the sleep of gloomy ponds is scarce disturbed by the strange fowl that people them. M. Gustave Moreau has already taught us the way to these unknown countries; an extreme virtuosity in the handling is one of the necessary conditions for feeling their charm. However, even lacking that brilliancy of execution, this manner of comprehending mythology leaves a better impression than that which one receives from the "Wedding of Flora," by M. Lavalley.

We have already seen this picture at the Palais des Beaux-Arts,

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MAP B T [illegible] COMMAND

among those sent from Rome, where it seemed to us to constitute a very serious argument against the present organization of the School of Rome.

One has no worse enemy than oneself. The Villa de Médicis

never ceases producing works that are the joy of its detractors. And indeed, is it really in order to produce compositions of this kind that the State perseveringly maintains several young men amid the marvels of their art? It is matter of common observation that the pupils of the Roman School, in face of the master-pieces of Leonardo da Vinci or of Paolo Veronese, elaborate pictures after the latest Parisian fashion, in the naïve preoccupation of being modern, up-to-date, of their day and generation. As if an artist could be of any other time than his own!

The remark is not a new one. Even in the 18th century, the directors already complained of this tendency or turn of mind. The

evil would be of no great importance if the pupils, after their return to Paris, felt the influence of the masters they had quitted. But that it goes the other way is demonstrated by daily experience. There is then no hope of changing such long-established habits; at least, until the just and reasonable system of according travelling scholarships to young artists who may reveal themselves at the Salon be substituted for that of granting the "Prix de Rome" for mere school-exercises, not invariably judged with impartiality.

Shakespearian fairy-lore has found in M. Gervais an interpreter thoroughly impregnated with classical ideas. The fairies who people his "Madness of Titania" have all the marble beauty of antique nymphs; they stand or lie upon the grass in the attitudes of Olympian goddesses. The preoccupation by beauty of form testified by the composition cannot be too highly praised. Yet the work would have gained very greatly had the artist remembered that the first principle of classic art is the exact appropriateness of form to idea. The fairies evoked by him are not born of the work of Shakespeare; they have grown up in Italy or Greece.

The most remarkable of all the mythological subjects to be seen in the Salon is unquestionably the "Glauce and Thalia," by M. P.-Albert Laurens. Glauce and Thalia were two of the fifty Nereids or Oceanides, daughters of Nereus, the venerable ancient whose hair and beard are made of the foam of the sea. To the Greek imagination the Nereids were white of body, but their hair and eyebrows were blue or green, according to the state of the sea they symbolized. When breezes ruffled the face of the waters, they loved to emerge from Ocean's abysses and rest among desert rocks or in the worn caves of the cliffs. It is at such a moment M. Laurens has surprised them. The two nymphs, doubtless alarmed by the presence of some fisherman, have taken refuge in a grotto the entry of which is bathed by the sea, and there they wait till the coast be clear. A penetrating freshness fills the simple but beautiful composition: a moist and salty air distils from the shady grotto, from

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the verdured rocks that marine mosses have managed to cover in the course of ages with their embroideries. Nothing can be more curious than the view of this solitary den, beyond all mortal ken, where the most timorous divinities find retirement. The observation of nature mingles with the reverie, and reveals in the young artist a distinguished mind no less than the temperament of a true painter.

M. Fantin-Latour is an artist of rare spirituality. The present epoch does not afford him his true place, the eminent place which belongs to him. But he may confidently wait for the revenge the future has most certainly in store for him. As portraitist he has but few rivals. The groups of portraits signed by him are standard works; it is to be regretted that most of them have passed over-sea, never to return. For a long while past, the annual Salon has lacked the important pages of other days. M. Fantin-Latour appeared to be absorbed in allegorical compositions inspired by Richard Wagner. Those who had approached the Greek myths, profound as they are in meaning and perfect in harmony, could not but regret his predilection for the German myths, so poor in sense and beauty. This year, at any rate, he has renounced them, and one can only rejoice. His "Temptation of St. Anthony" and his "Night" are charming. In the "Temptation," M. Fantin-Latour has realized all the delicacy of his mind. He has disdained the lascivious nudities that usually float around the praying saint. That brutal form of pleasure has rightly seemed to him unworthy of his subject and of himself. He has, on the contrary, surrounded the pious anchorite with fair and noble dames, robed in diaphanous veils such as those the ancients delighted in and Leonardo da Vinci rediscovered and loved. Dainty tones, seen as in a dream, flicker amid the rose and blue of stuffs impalpable as vapour. But there stops the caprice of imagination. Under these flimzy gauzes, palpitate beautiful and noble bodies, firm yet supple, rich and dignified in form, grandly perfect. The temptation offered is not of those which appeal to a base appetite, but to the most lawful desires of man, to his noblest and most ethereal visions.

A charmer also that magician, who, in the painting by Madame Consuelo Fould, prepares a "Philter": a love-drink doubtless, inasmuch as a woman should know how to compose no other.

Temptresses, too, those young girls of the "Spring Flowers," by M. Artigue, playing with flowers in an orchard, snowed with petals, and those again evoked by M. Boyé in the fields, in the dark shade of the trees, in the "Cool of the Evening."

The decorative fantasy of M. Frank Lamy is clear and joyous. M. Sinibaldi has succeding in obtaining a very good result from a distinctly unpromising theme: "French Commerce receiving specimens of raw material presented by Peace and Plenty." This panel is intended for the Ministry of Commerce. The artist has put into the presentation of his theme all the elegance of which it is capable.

Biblical paintings are scarce enough this year. The neo-Christian fervour seems to have calmed down, and the painters try less to convince us that they are as naïve as in the first ages of faith. But if religious impulse is lacking, philosophic thought now and then reveals itself with remarkably ability.

GENERAL CHANZY AT THE BATTLE OF MANS

JANUARY 11 1871

THE MEA[illegible] OF LIBERTY

The "Flight into Egypt," by M. Gérôme, is a poetic landscape at night. The fugitives pass by in the bluish mist of an Egyptian evening. The work is filled with a tender charm, and brings to mind those first pictures of the East which gained for the artist such a universal success. M. Gérôme's qualities are more clearly visible in this canvas than in his "Entry of Christ into Jerusalem," where the historical reconstitution of the scene seems to have principally preoccupied him. From this point of view his ambition has been amply realized; but we for our part prefer a grain of poetry, commonplace if you will have it so, but irresistible, which emanates at night from the venerable earth whence have arisen so many religions.

M. Destrem has great literary conceptions. "Sinaï" might be a subject for a poem, a sort of "Légende des Siècles." The people of Israel, assembled at the foot of Sinai, have left their tents to gaze upon Moses climbing the flanks of the mountain, and wait there till God shall manifest himself. Then, mid-way up Mount Horeb appears the burning bush, like a resplendent globe from which jet up to Heaven two immense horns of fire. It is no longer Moses who bears upon his forehead the emblem of the thunders of the Lord, it is the entire mountain, thus become the mouthpiece of the Eternal. The idea is a beautiful one; it merited, in order to be developed at its ease, a larger canvas. Reversing the rule of so many vast compositions, where the idea has to be stretched to fill out the frame, this is crushed and uncomfortable within the dimensions the artist has assigned it. The picture will interest painters but little; they will gently protest before the uncertain, discoloured light, which pervades it: but the "littérateurs" will regard it with pleasure, recognizing M. Destrem as one of theirs.

The "Judith," of M. Eug. Thirion, returns proudly and peaceably to Bethulia, the head of Holophernes in a corner of her robe. M. Thirion's figures always possess distinction of design and colour. A touch of strangeness in a simple form gives them the interest of

novelty. Thus are rejuvenated the old themes, which will probably endure as long as painting itself.

M. Tanner exhibits a "Resurrection of Lazarus," slightly heavy in tone, but strong in composition and execution. It is noteworthy not only for what it realizes, but for the promise it holds out.

The "Prodigal Son," by M. Vayson, is a landscape by night; the "Divine Apprentice," by Madame Demont-Breton, a pretty indoors scene.

In the "Paradise," M. Lévy-Dhurmer, and in the "Annunciation," M. Desvallières, have gone in for, speaking with precision, philosophical painting. The execution is as intellectual as the conception. This is not the place for starting a discussion. At most we may once more note the danger of the intervention of literature in painting. Let us simply recall to mind that the representation, pure and simple, of Man and Woman, is the representation of a greater thing and a deeper mystery than our vastest conceptions; for, after all, as Pascal said: "Imagination wearies of conception sooner than Nature of production."

M. Hébert's paintings are always intellectual, were it only in the look, sometimes beatified, of his Madonnas and his Infant Christs. But this weakness is atoned for by a profound sentiment of melancholy, of nervous suffering. His "Virgin," though obviously inspired by the assiduous contemplation of the Italian primitives, is nevertheless thoroughly modern: nay, more, she is a woman of the world. In that lies her seduction. Her countenance has a slight curl of bitterness on the lip, a shade of disillusion, of the weariness of living and doing. She and her Child well represent the woman and child of our burning epoch: beings whose bodies are atrophied by cerebral over-development, whose minds are filled with regrets for the past and visions of the future: organisms destroyed by the incessant effort of thought. M. Hébert has plunged into the past to find there sentiments new because forgotten; he has brought back types which might well be those of the future.

PRICE

CONVOY OF PRISONERS

CONVOY OF SIBERIA

Religious sentiment is notwithstanding less penetrating in "Our Lady and the Fowler" than in M. Buland's "Before the Relics." Nothing can be more opposite than the conception of these two works, despite their common source of inspiration. As one breathes fashionable distinction, so does the other exhale vulgarity. The faces wholly lack that instinctive nobility conferred by high sentiment; but

— *Harmony*

the conviction is so intense that it raises above the commonplace these portraits of peasants kneeling before the altar. Execution and thought are at one, without poetry or grace, but vigorous and most thoroughly honest. These are conscientious works, meriting high esteem.

The "Communicants," of M. Royer and those of M. Trigoulet, furnish new and interesting treatments of a theme which young painters reproduce with unwearied constancy, ever trying to fix its fugitive charm.

M. Struijs, an intimate of the lugubrious scenes which precede or

follow funerals, interprets the despair of grief with rare intensity of expression. "To Console the Afflicted" is a scene of two personages: a priest seated near a woman of the people, dissolved in tears, gives her those pious consolations which never console, but which afford a momentary relief from pain. The sentiment, action, execution, are all true, strong, sad of aspect, a sort of far-away echo from the great works of the past.

Flemish art delights only in homely spectacles, in the life of the humble. There it manifests a fullness which is without counterpart in other schools. The two paintings by M. Dierckx are scenes in the Foundling Hospital. His "Foundlings" and his "Dinner at the Foundling Hospital" are peopled with the same round-cheeked babies. The danger for such works is insipidity. Everything in a child is round, soft, undecided; the character of its features is as yet no more than sketched. M. Dierckx has overcome this difficulty by an execution at once strong and bright. This nest of birdlings is full of health and life. No melancholy in these faces, unconscious of their misery; this little world is full of hope, and the artist shares in it as whole-heartedly as any of these youngsters pressed one against the other like birdlings on a branch. The impression conveyed is full of charm.

That which one receives from the "Invalid Child" of M. Wilhelmson is more melancholy. Swedish interiors have not that cheery comfort which seems to be the privilege of Flemish and Dutch interiors. The subject is nothing here, despite all appearance. "In the Village Shop," a scene in which only good wives appear, has just as much incurable sadness behind it, sadness which the sincerity of the painting has not been able to attenuate. How much more easily one breathes in that "Dutch Interior," by M. Pieters, where everything is fresh, coloured, sweetly and strongly serene! A ray of sunlight filters through the trees of the garden and the window-curtains into the great room, at once kitchen and dining-room. One might almost believe oneself, so strong and well diffused is the light,

THE ABDUCTION

THE DEATH OF THE LAST MOUNTAINEERS

22 PRAIRIAL YEAR III

in some house of Provence. This interior is one of the best in the Salon. It is to be wished that our painters of home-life, like M. Paul Thomas, would acquire a taste for that large manner which gives so much value to the smallest things.

"Tea," by M. Thomas, is a graceful episode of Parisian life : a young lady drinking a cup of tea. One knows, since Chardin, that master-pieces may be painted without searching for vaster subjects. Everything depends upon execution : it is this alone which gives value to these bourgeois pictures. Beauty of matter and firmness of touch are essential conditions of success. One understands that the study of Dutch masters might cause despair through their perfection : but is it necessary to go so far and so high for models? In the same gallery as the "Tea" is M. Antoine Vollon's "View of Dieppe." Here is a work of painting, nothing but painting, which comes very near to being a master-piece. We cannot too strongly recommend the young artist to study this master-painter. He will learn the secret of that transparency, of that sumptuous richness of *impasto*, which is in itself a delight to the eye. The vigorous pastels exhibited by M. Thomas last year allow the hope that he will abandon the thin manner, so fatally unexpressive, and remain faithful to the more solid work which alone affords works of real art, that of all the masters without exception of time or country.

"Intimity," by M. M. Rieder, is composed of a girl playing the piano while two young men listen. Nothing more, but the picture is interesting because it is frank. M. Chayllery's "Parisian Interior," is equally a work of merit, not so much through the search for reflections to which the artist has devoted himself as through the vigour of handling. Strength is not incompatible with the finest delicacy. M. Bréauté's "Interior," full of the play of beautiful stuffs, blue, tender rose, silks and satins, has all the grace of a pastel.

M. Raphaël Collin, on the other hand, delighting himself in almost diaphanous carnations of the most attenuated colour, allows the finer

qualities of distinction to escape him. His "Intimity," so charming in style, leaves the regret for a work that would have been exquisite had it not been so diminished by dint of being subtilized. The "Souvenir," by M. d'Estienne, is pretty in inspiration and in movement. This fragile young woman who smilingly inhales the perfume of a bunch of violets, has a great deal of nervous grace in her smile and in her action. But, here again, the qualities of the painting do not completely respond to the truth of the observation.

"Around the Cradle," by M. de Richemont, on the contrary, is upheld by its handling. The artist has already made more than one attempt to introduce the supernatural into modern life. These mystic tendencies justified themselves by a certain current of ideas which made its way to the front some years ago. We do not think that the movement is anything else than purely intellectual. Contemporary mysticism is of archælogical origin; it is born of our promenades through the past in search of new themes. One has come across the Christian legends in the same way that one had previously met the pagan myths. All is beautiful, all is good, all is living and real that is animated by conviction. The works of times past move us still, in spite of their defects, by that hidden and irresistible force conferred by a solid faith. But we ourselves, are we still in the requisite position? The illusion of reality can only be given by a believer in the reality: are our artists profoundly convinced of the surrounding presence of angels, spirits, of apparitions of Jesus or of the saints? Such pictures can only be painted by one of those Bretons, peasant or sailor, in whom these naïve beliefs have survived. But the very day which saw him prepared for the realization of his dream, he would believe no longer, and the brush would fall from his hands.

The "Last Gleams," by M. Wery, merits its success through the poetic sentiment which envelopes the sunset landscape. The old sailor who sits on the summit of the cliff and contemplates the sun-reddened port is a touching evocation. The execution recalls a

A. Davant

A BRETON LEGEND

cartoon prepared for tapestry, but the general effect is moving because sincere. We cannot, unhappily, say so much for the canvas exhibited by M. Gabriel Ferrier, "Harmony" which is perhaps the most factitious in the Salon. Painting or chromo? Art or commercialism? One does not know. A like error on the part of such an artist as M. Gabriel Ferrier should have its motives : we cannot see them. Beside the "Harmony," the vine-grower seated at the foot of a wine-press in M. Chantron's "After the Vintage," assumes a real value. But in order to rediscover the light and glow of sunshine we must follow M. Sorolla to Spain.

"Sailmaking," by M. Sorolla y Bastida, is gaiety itself. Nothing less complicated, less profound, than the subject of this great picture. But the joy animating it makes up for all the rest. Under a trellis, fisher-folk, men and women, are at work sewing a great white sail. That is all. The sunshine through the leaves, splashing the white cloth, the faces, the hands, with brilliant flakes, bathes the scene in light and warmth. It is good Impressionism : it is nature itself.

M. Bilbao, on the contrary, though a Spaniard, loves sad sights and melancholy colourings. He exhibits a view of a Spanish pawnshop. "The Lamentable Waiting-Room" *(Triste Antesala)*, he calls it. That is true. Nothing is more lamentable than the view of poverty pawning its last rags. The handling is adequate. It recalls on more than one point that of M. Geoffroy, who paints with such an honest and solid talent episodes of humble life. This year M. Geoffroy takes us to the "Dispensary." Everybody cannot be received at the hospital, and the poor have not the wherewithal to trouble a doctor. Mothers take their children to the dispensary, where they can obtain advice and medicine. For many it is the antechamber of the asylum. M. Geoffroy in devoting himself to the painting of misery, performs not only a work of art but of a generous humanity.

In contrast with these sadnesses, but starting from the same

point of view, M. Henri Cain deals with "Triumphant Gold and its Victims." He personifies Gold in a fat financier, seated on a car drawn by his victims, men, women, and young girls, all that live, move, and die by riches. The artist has expressed this philosophic conception with his habitual talent. He has staged it with his instinct of painter and dramatist, and has fixed it in a moving work, the impression of which is not to be effaced.

M. Dawant's "St. Bonaventure and the Purple" is an anecdote drawn from the Lives of the Saints. The difficulty is great of giving any majesty to the scenes of familiar good-nature with which these primitive existences are filled. Painters of the Spanish School have attempted it sometimes and with success, but only through a triumphant execution which in such subjects is everything. M. Dawant's talent has too much delicacy for these scenes, which need a certain harshness of composition.

M. Sabatté, in his "Interior of St. Germain des Prés," has painted a pendant to the church interiors of F. de Witte. It is necessary to go back to the Dutch master in order to meet such an expression of what one might call the poetry of walls. The

WEALTH

FRENCH COMMERCE ACCEPTING SPECIMENS OF RAW MATERIALS
LAID BEFORE HER BY PEACE AND PLENTY

THE INTERRUPTED DUEL

painted walls of the old church, shrinking into the shadows, have found in M. Sabatté a remarkably eloquent interpreter. He has seen and made visible the charm of these stones brushed by so many vestments, on which so many hands have been laid. He has rendered that melancholy of very old things which the ablest restoration cannot rejuvenate and the venerable age of which pierces through all the modern adornments. A devout shade envelopes these columns, an odour of wax and of incense floats under these Roman vaults; one hears the whisper of muttered words. The impression is true and strong.

The "Standard-Bearer" and the portrait of the geographer Philippe Cluvier, by M. Roybet, are *bravura* airs such as this artist knows how to give out in resounding tones, with abundance and truculence. Amid other surroundings there might be reserves to make upon this art, but amid the universal anæmia in which painting threatens to die out, how can one withhold sympathy from an artist whose fundamental quality consists precisely in being a true painter? His exhibit of this year is not so striking as usual; but nobody can always be up to his own level.

Both of the pictures shown by M. Joseph Bail are familiar. We know only too well the "Card-Players," scullions in an idle moment, who thumb their greasy cards instead of watching their sauces. We have already seen the "Housewife," who prepares so carefully such beautiful gherkins. Here there is nothing new, transcendent, nothing even smart, but what glowing caldrons, transparent bottles and marvellous jars! what coppers, vegetables, aprons! what a kitchen! what brilliancy, transparency, solidity! It is pleasing to see so much still-life within one frame. It is all of it good work.

Official pictures abound this year. That was to be foreseen. The Franco-Russian fêtes, through their incomparable splendour, have produced a harvest of commemorative paintings. "The Funeral of Pasteur" has also furnished M. Ed. Detaille with the subject for the best of these severe compositions. The march-past of the

troops before the cenotaph of the illustrious savant, surrounded by representatives of all the great bodies of the State, has served as excuse for a series of portraits of contemporary celebrities. Some, as those of Messrs. Joseph Bertrand, Gérôme, Gréard, are full of life and truth.

The "Reception of the Emperor and Empress of Russia by the French Academy, October 7th, 1896," without pretending to the same artistic value, nevertheless retains the lively interest of an exact souvenir. The portraits of the Imperial couple and of all the members of the French Academy must become, by force of time, documents of great value. We should be glad to possess as much for very many past ceremonies. We should thus be endowed with an iconography of our writers, and those not the least, whom our painters have forgotten or disdained. Those of M. Brouillet are not all of equal value; the laws of perspective are implacable and all the Immortals could not be placed in the foreground. Even so, the scene is an interesting representation, which merits preservation as a record of a great event.

M. L. Béroud's "Nicholas II. at the Tomb of Napoleon," is another episode of the Imperial visit. This time the Sovereigns and the President of the Republic are alone before the sarcophagus where sleeps the greatest warrior of modern times. The encounter is tragic between the colossal dead and these fêted visitors whose ancestor he had met during a truce in the most frightful of wars. M. Béroud has not needed to insist upon that evocation: it arises of itself. It was enough to present the personages for the emotion to be felt. The effect is more dramatic in this silent tableau than in the "Review of Châlons," by M. Georges Scott. There, despite the military panoply, all is fête, all is pleasure; for all is hope.

It is the future preparing itself within the present, and none can deny us the right, or privilege, if you will, of picturing it as happy, peaceful, and fortunate.

[illegible] BY THE FRANCH A ALLMT

The marine painters, Messrs. Émile Maillard, Ravanne and Rudaux, have celebrated the arrival of the Russian Imperial yacht at Cherbourg, escorted by the Northern Squadron. They have done it with precision, in the picturesque frame formed by the short and turbulent waves of the Channel. All these pictures of passing events, in a little time, will become historical records.

We live in an epoch during which it is well to hasten to celebrate the benefits of peace, either by composing gracious landscapes, where peaceful oxen graze in fertile meadows, as in "The Banks of the Dordogne at Siorac," by M. Watelin, or in painting such rural souvenirs as "Cornflowers," by Mlle Hart. Peace and its idylls are no more than happy accidents in the life of peoples as in the life of men. This year, Art is all for Peace, and with the exception of the obligatory military tableaux, sanguinary or terrible scenes are rare in the Salon. We have no cause for complaint.

Portraiture is brilliantly represented by several remarkable works, and by many others reaching an honourable average. That is enough to maintain the annual production at its regular level.

The portrait of Pierre Laurens, by Jean-Paul Laurens, is one of those works struck off rapidly by a master-hand for which there is neither difficulty nor effort. The execution is as supple and rich as possible. The familiarity of the attitude, the youthful health of the model, have met for their expression with a talent compounded of power and affection; the result is a portrait worthy of those we have already received from the artist.

M. Bonnat exhibits a portrait of M. Joseph Bertrand, of the French Academy, and that of an "Eagle Clutching a Hare." The latter is a piece of still-life, vigorously painted by an artist of whose power of presentation none can be ignorant. The portrait of M. Joseph Bertrand shares in the qualities no less than in the ordinary defects of M. Bonnat. It possesses precision, firmness of design, the accentuation of character, everything which comes

from a skilled eye served by a loyal brush. But it lacks the envelope that melts all traits into one expression, the goodness, the moistness of regard, the indescribable something which makes the humanity of a type. M. Bonnat's portraits lack feeling.

The two portraits exhibited by M. Marcel Baschet are in complete contrast. That of "Madame P...," has the clear and fresh aspect of a pastel. The other, that of "Madame B...," is not only one of the best in the exhibition but one of the best the artist has ever signed. It belongs to that French School which remains, after all, in possession of the most solid principles of the expression of the human countenance. Certainly, the modern English School can offer seductive feminine figures, elegant of aspect, decorative in execution, charming at first sight. But on further acquaintance the superficiality of that art appears quickly, and one is compelled to return to the French School, the works of which gain by being known, improve with time, because built on the enduring foundation of an honest and learned design. The portrait of "Madame B....." is classic; we can give it no higher praise. It need not fear the caprice of fashion like the sketchy, ill-constructed and unmodelled portraits that certain noisy artists have succeeded in palming off upon the public. These, born of the infatuation of a day, are dead with the folly that produced them. That which lives by fashion dies by fashion. This of which we speak can confidently await public favour, which in the end always fixes upon works of real value.

M. Paul Dubois regularly exhibits portraits which seem to us not to be appreciated according to their merit. This sculptor turned painter may well have put his best into his painting, and, by a change not unexampled in the history of Art, may see his renown as sculptor turn to a renown as portraitist. He possesses thoroughly the knowledge of interior forms. His portrait of "Madame R. G...," modelled in the light, manifests that profound knowledge of the hidden which is the whole of statuary art. The general aspect

L. Bonnat.
1897.

Ch. Herrmann-Léon 1894

of the painting is sober to the point of homeliness; there is nothing that strikes the eye, but as one looks more closely one discovers a thousand dainty details that render it preferable to noisier works.

M. Saintpierre also is an artist of distinction. His portrait of M. Alph. Lamotte is robust and healthy. It is seductive by its energetic accent, and it proves that the painter who evoked on canvas

such charming feminine apparitions, also knows how to be vigorous on occasion.

But behold the green-room of the Comédie Française; behold the white statue of Voltaire against the intercolumniation touched with gold; behold the peristyle of the temple of Art. In the midst, the intelligent and sympathetic face of Truffier, the poet-comedian, painted by M. L. Béroud. The comedian, at once melancholy and smiling, holds a manuscript: is it in order to rehearse a rôle or recite some of his verses? Both, it may be, so closely

may the one and the other identify themselves in the same person.

Under the title of "Reading" we recognize the portrait of M. Marguillier, the sympathetic and erudite art-critic. M. Vigoureux has designed the features with firmness, but the somewhat pale colouring confuses the contours of a very characteristic visage. However, the artist deserves the encouragements that he must have received and that already the promises of his talent justify.

We would rather not have had to notice the portrait of the Duc d'Aumale, by M. Benjamin-Constant. It is a pity that it should have been painted, a still greater pity that it should have been exhibited. Those who know the Duc d'Aumale will have trouble in recognizing his masculine and intelligent physiognomy in the personage whom M. Constant shows us. A painter should doubtless not conceal the physical imperfections of his model; but still less should he emphasize them. That is a question of tact. But, at the very least, his first duty is to render visible the soul of his model; in this only is painting superior to photography. There was more in the look of the Duc d'Aumale than this drooping attitude and this effeminate expression. We are the more puzzled by such an error that the artist exhibits simultaneously a portrait of M. Chauchard endowed with exactly those artistic qualities that are so painfully absent in the portrait of the Duc d'Aumale.

Three tradesmen, after an *al fresco* lunch, call for cards and play a game of piquet. It is called *Quinte et Quatorze*, as a picture must have a name of some kind. Really, we have three good open-air portraits by Mme Delacroix-Garnier. The atmosphere has the accent of truth, as has the attitude and action; the expression is exactly rendered both in design and colour. The open-air school has not accustomed us to works of this value.

M. Guiraud de Scevola exhibits a curious little portrait of Mademoiselle Lejeune, standing in walking costume, veiled, altogether in the shade, with just a golden touch of sunshine on the cheek.

In his portrait of M. Saint-Saëns, M. Glaize has given to the

COW IN THE STATE

glorious musician the airs of a disembodied spirit. The personal resemblance is incontestable. But one inevitably comes with a preconceived idea of the appearance of a well-known artist, according with his talent : an idea almost always false, though, because the one and the other are generally in contrast. So that we have difficulty, evidence notwithstanding, in figuring the illustrious representative of French music and only French, in this phantom academician who, like Orpheus returning from Hades, seems to emerge from the eternal night.

M. Jules Lefebvre places us in a delicate position. One has to recall the remarkable portraits which form a part, the best, of his past work, in order not to judge more severely than one should his portraits of "Count B. de C." and of "Mademoiselle B." By what gradual descent can an artist arrive at subtilizing his colours to the point of non-existence ? In what category can one rank the diaphanous persons presented by M. Lefebvre ? Certainly, an attentive examination allows the discovery of traces of his habitual distinction and knowledge of design. But, where is the warmth, the energy, in these portraits of young beings ? Where is the life, even ? The pictorial ideas, fashionable a few years back, but renounced nowadays by those who fathered them, are they at this late day cutting away the firmest pillars of classical art ? We hope not. At the precise moment when a movement of reaction has set in against anæmic art, it would be piquant to watch the influence on members of the Institute of artistic theories which they have ceaselessly combatted and which would be held in honour by none but them.

Is it a portrait or a study, this dark "Young Woman" in a lilac robe, exhibited by M. Nicolas Martin ? It matters little. The little painting is full of serious executive qualities. The portrait of Mademoiselle J. J..., by M. Boudier, is painted in the style of Fantin-Latour ; in happy contrast with a "Jules Verne," thin and rosy, by M. Dubois-Menant. The two exhibits of M. Humbert,

"M. André H...," in fencing costume, and the "Countess of B...," are elegant; the execution is, or rather, appears to be careless.

The English school is represented by a good portrait of Albert Bruce-Joy, by M. Joy, his brother. The picture is kept within that yellowish tone of which the English school has already shown us some very interesting specimens. But, apart from this foregone conclusion, which sets our French eyes at fault, one cannot refuse to credit this portrait with a great accuracy of observation.

Note also the portrait of "M. L...," by M. Franzini d'Issoncourt; that of "M. J.-M. B...," by M. Frick; that of "Madame P...," and her daughter, by M. Berne-Bellecour; and that of two children, Kingdon and Jay Gould, by M. A. Lynch.

Historical anecdotes have furnished a rather less considerable contingent of work than usual. Military pictures abound, but they keep to the Imperial epoch. The Revolution seems to be nearly used up as a subject for composition. Is it a sign that souls are becoming less heroic, and that the public prefers to gaze upon a pretty woman bedecking herself, as she does who is presented by M. Dupain in his "Before the Ball"? May be. Painting seems to have said all it has to say on the Revolution. For twenty years it has harped upon the theme; without, it must frankly be admitted, producing anything very definitive. Everything, or very nearly so, on that great epoch, needs doing over again. Though a whole century has gone by, the lapse of time is not sufficient to allow of treating it with the calmness so necessary to artistic work. We have not yet altogether formed our ideas, on the one side or the other, of that great upheaval and the blood it cost; we debate it still, and it suffices to evoke its history to rouse the most ardent discussion. The serenity which is indispensable for the development of a work of art is still far from our minds, then, and the time has not yet arrived for drawing from the Revolution all the dramas and the pictures it provides.

Albert Lynch

M. Laurent-Desrousseaux, in "The Suspects," has reproduced a scene of the Terror in the country. Unhappy nuns, hidden in a barn, fall under the bullets of the Republicans. M. Georges Cain has chosen, on the contrary, the well-known episode of "The Death of the last members of the Mountain," who kill themselves to avoid the guillotine. Romme, accompanied by his five companions, descends the stair of the Conciergerie. Suddenly, be draws a knife which he had concealed, plunges it into his side, draws it out and passes it to another who stabs himself in the same way, handing on the weapon to still another. All the six fall thus, one beside another. M. G. Cain has done his best to give the scene the fierce grandeur of which it was susceptible. But there are subjects which crush their interpreters.

The Egypt shown us by M. G. Clairin, in an episode of General Belliard's expedition, is an Egypt that will not be recognized by all those who have seen Karnak. It is a revelation that will astonish a good many travellers. One has no right to find fault with a painter for the way in which he sees things, but this group of

officers passing in review the ancient giants intermingled with grenadiers, does it appear to possess adequate novelty or interest?

The "Memoirs of General Marbot" have furnished M. André Marchand with the *motif* of some military costumes. The episode chosen by him is not the most significative of these highly interesting souvenirs. If he had read on, he would have come across, on almost every page, stories at once more picturesque and more moving; he would have found some grandiose spectacles, even; pictures ready composed by a soldier who was actor and spectator in the great military epic of the Revolution and the Empire.

The "Death of Marceau," by M. E. Boutigny, makes the mistake of coming after the "Funeral of Marceau," by J.-P. Laurens. Not that any subject belongs to any one painter; subjects belong to everybody who can handle them. But it is prudent to leave them alone if one is not certain of overshadowing or at least equalling the works that have preceded one's own. M. Boutigny's "Marceau" is a good *genre* picture, a simple episode in the wars of the Revolution. The death and burial of the young general should possess something antique through the poetic grandeur that surrounds them: his history is remembered by all. Here we fail to find all its majesty.

M. H. Tenré shows us "Marshal Castellane at Home" The great happiness of this impulsive general was, as he says in his *Journal*, to find himself in the bosom of his family. Yes, but did he bring there all the military stiffness attributed to him by M. Tenré? Nothing can be less patriarchal than this interior; one might sooner believe oneself in the presence of a Jomini lecturing on the diverse bases of military operations.

M. Chartier's "Wagram" is a furious cavalry charge, in which one finds a dash and go that is absent in the "Charge of the Grenadiers of the Guards at Eylau," by M. Schommer. M. Brisset's "Before the Charge" represents the Grenadiers in line awaiting the signal to charge. It is the moment preceding that chosen by M. Schommer; it is a review in the snow. "The Despatch," by

THE BALMY BREATH OF EVENING

M. Chaperon is an incident, already too often treated by all military painters. "Rocroy," by M. Lionel Royer, is a page detached from the *History of the Princes of Condé*, by the Duc d'Aumale. At the battle of Rocroy, the Count of Fuentès, commander of the Spanish infantry, old and broken by infirmities, caused himself to be carried on a chair to lead his regiments to battle. He was killed. Now was the time or never to reconstitute on some grand canvas these old-time battles, composed of many small individual combats, of heroic episodes, in which fine feats of arms displayed themselves at their ease. At this century-end, which has changed so many things that seemed as unchangeable as humanity itself, we look with some pity upon those 17th century pictures that reproduce contemporary victories. In them everything seems factitious, prepared for effect. A more attentive study of History, of an authentic history, documented as is that of the Princes of Condé, proves the naïve veracity of these pictures taxed with convention. To reconstitute the past, the surest method is to rely on contemporaries.

M. Fouqueray, in his "Trafalgar," has achieved a good military picture. Though fog and smoke envelope his composition, one distinguishes its remarkable qualities of dramatic movement. The defense of the *Achilles*, which was dismasted, burnt, and blown up without having struck its flag, is a comforting spectacle that we must needs thank M. Fouqueray for having shown us. Despair, heroism, devotion, fury, all the sentiments of strife, carried to their highest point, find their expression in these soldiers, wounded to death, who fight on the deck of this shot-rent vessel.

"The Turco Ben Kaddour, at the battle of Lorcy, December 26th, 1870," is a hero who deserves that his bravery shall be kept in memory. M. Orange recounts for us an episode of the "Battle of Le Mans" and an anecdote of "Napoleon on board the Bellerophon."

The army of to-day has also furnished its contribution of interesting scenes; of which the best are "Our Alpine Troops," by

M. Loustaunau, and "After the Manœuvres," by M. Petit-Gérard, where the most jovial types of our young army reveal themselves in their joyous familiarity. "The Morning of the Review," by M. Grolleron, is one of those storyettes destined to be popularised by lithography.

How far all this is from the grand epics of time past, from those battles which had such a decorative look! We are not likely to gaze upon them again in their reality. The modern battle, spreading itself over leagues of country, in which each seeks mainly to render himself invisible, will furnish no more combat themes in which personal courage is everything. We must bid farewell to glittering uniforms, fluttering plumes, and arms flashing in the sunshine, to horses caracoling amid the powder-smoke, to all that seduced the eye of the painter. Science has taken possession of War; Art is gone from it.

Few sporting pictures; one would say that the variety is dying out. M. Hermann-Léon remains faithful to it with his "Strictly Preserved," a pack of hounds stopped by a thin wooden barrier. A picture full of movement, true, such as an artist knows how to paint who knows dogs as does nobody else. M. Gélibert's "Capture of a Badger" is the struggle of a pack with this timorous but dangerous animal, whose defence is often so redoubtable. M. Gaudefroy's "In Full Cry," might call itself a *genre* picture no less than one of sport: the former even more than the latter. That which has interested the artist, is the alarm of the washerwomen engaged in beating their linen by the river while exchanging the petty scandals of their village, into whose midst suddenly plunge the hounds, causing wild confusion amid the tubs, beetles, and heaps of washed linen: an amusing scene.

Landscape, or more exactly, the representation of the aspects of Nature, seen in her repose or in her anger, brings its annual tribute of novelties and repetitions. At first sight, one feels taken only by a very few pictures of the first rank, backed by a respect-

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L. PERRAULT

MATERNAL TENDERNESS

able array of honest work. A more attentive examination, however, allows us to discover works of great merit in some canvases of quiet aspect. But one cannot demand that every Salon should reveal to us a Corot or a Rousseau. Were they there, we might easily pass them by without being deeply struck by them. These

masters have known the chagrin of being unappreciated at their true value by their immediate contemporaries, and we would like to believe in the absolute good faith of the public that passed before their canvases. The same misfortune will probably not be spared their successors. The seascapes of M. Antoine Vollon, for example, do not excite, on their appearance, any considerable emotion in the crowd. There are some, however—and this year's "View of Dieppe" is among the number—which are destined to enter directly the

Louvre of the future, which might even now figure beside the works of no matter which landscapist of the Dutch School of the 17th century or the French School of 1830. A few canvases of this strength are enough to constitute the honour of a Salon.

We need not speak again of the two landscapes of Harpignies. They crown a long career, wholly vowed to the soundest art. However advanced may be the period of his life at which the artist produced these two works, one may count him young still, for one feels in them the same surety of eye and hand as ever.

Here again we may express the regret that public opinion so often waits until an artist nears the end of his career before conferring the honour that he merits. Why should all originality meet with such obstinate opposition, and surrounding mediocrity compel true artists to pay for the superiority of their talent by denial of all justice, often by all kinds of humiliation? Must one again recall the fact that Théodore Rousseau never obtained the honours lavished by painters on their most commonplace colleagues? Must one repeat that Corot only gained his medal of honour at the extreme end of his life, when that distinction could be nothing more than a derisive honour, a sort of irony towards a man consecrated by universal admiration?

There is a double reason for this resistance. It arises, first, from the very superiority of these grand landscapists, and next from a superstition that still prevails in certain schools.

In some places, indeed, landscape is considered as an inferior form of art. Landscape is reckoned an easy kind of work, adopted by artists who are incapable of interpreting the human figure. It is the contrary which is true. Nothing, doubtless, is easier than to paint on a canvas the appearances of trees, the phantoms of hills, the simulation of ponds, plains, etc. But the execution of a real landscape is the rarest of all works. It is the material realization of transparent atmosphere, of illusive contours, of infinite shades of colour and tone, of all that appears and disappears with the

UNDER SHELTER

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passing moment. The human being, before the painter, has his definite form, his precise and fixed contour; his anatomy is known; his forms have their defined proportions, a hundred times measured.

The physionomy of a landscape appears and changes like the expression of a visage, and that expression, once lost, cannot be found again. So that among by-gone painters, how many are the artists who have represented human beauty. Man and woman in all countries have found magnificent interpreters of their expression. But, on the contrary, how rare are the true painters of earth and sky! The French School has had the rare happiness of producing artists in this line who are equalled only by those of the seventeenth century Dutch School, and only by the greatest even among these. It is sad to think that these geniuses have not escaped the common law of the expiation of talent.

Français, the last survivor of the sacred battalion of 1830, will not have seen the close of this Salon. Death took him just as he recalled himself to the present generation by two remarkable pictures, the "Valley of Cernay" and the "Ravine of Géhard." Another landscapist, but this one still young and full of brilliant hopes founded on work of great talent, Maurice Le Liepvre, is also dead after having sent two decorative panels, "In the Meadows" and "In the Fields." We have been reminded, by seeing these corners of Nature, of the great landscapes he exhibited a few years ago, into which he had put so much style and glow. Maurice Le Liepvre, pupil of Harpignies, like his master, like all true artists, firmly believed in design in landscape. Nothing could be more foreign to his character than those hasty sketches which in a few strokes of the brush pretend to give the impression of the profundities of Nature. Trees, woods, fields, river banks, were for him so many beautiful compositions by the harmony of their masses and the inexhaustable variety of their detail. Their highly decorative character has given his works a distinguished place in the con-

temporary school of landscape. Death has refused to allow his talent to produce all the works that were in him; he is the more bitterly regretted in that he has been taken off before attaining his full stature.

M. Adrien Demont's "Moonrise in Winter," is one of those views of wide horizon in which the artist delights. He spreads at our feet a great snow-plain, relieved by low hills: the white immensity is lighted by the last rays of a winter sun, red but heatless, and at the same time by the gleams of a new-born moon. An impression of melancholy is left by this captivating picture. One might believe oneself in some far northern country, a land on which the sun does not set and yet shines pale and cold. The catalogue shows that we are in France, on the site of Cæsar's camp at Wissant. Here there is subject for remark upon the causes of the inevitable uniformity of winter landscapes. There is reason, when speaking of snow, in calling it a shroud. Under this winding-sheet, indeed, all individual forms disappear, all the charming aspects of living Nature are wiped away, all that is colour and form is lost. A heavy covering hides all, allowing only the main lines of a landscape to show through, and even those only in a rudimentary

Morning in the Sun.

Rosemary Knight

way. Thus every landscape assumes the same character, and Northern horizons preserve an air of monotony stronger than the talent of their painters.

M. Tattegrain, loving the tragic scenes of the sea, exhibits a "Rescue on the High Seas." The impression is very strong, produced by these furious waves, amidst which struggles a piece of wreckage with the few survivors desperately chinging to it. To say nothing of the drama, which is here but an excuse, the aspect of these great grey waves that hurtle together, throwing up an immense cloud of foam, forms a terrifying spectacle. The atmosphere of the picture is deeply charged with a saline humidity. There is nothing here of the academic sea with its regular waves, pleasant in colour. This is the Northern sea, troubled, grim, raging under a grey sky. M. Tattegrain possesses in a high degree the sentiment of this side of Nature, and interprets it with a fine intensity of expression.

The "Seaweeds," of Madame Élodie La Villette, belong to Brittany, to the coast of Port-Ivy-Quiberon. On that savage shore, at low tide, the sea uncovers rocks covered with red seaweed. They push far out into the waters, seeming to protect the Breton shore, itself already so austere, against strange vessels. In the distance, a ray of sunlight casts a silver streak upon the tranquil water. This is an effect of light that Madame Élodie La Villette knows how to treat with surety.

M. Grandsire shows us boats at anchor at Pont-Aven. This artist is another of those whom the present generation too readily forgets. More than one of his seascapes or his views of the Oise would make a brilliant figure to-day amid current productions in the way of landscape. He belongs to that Romantic School which contemporary art ignores without being capable of making us forget it. M. Ruellan's "Rough Weather," produces a sinister effect. The "Transatlantic Liners in Dock," by M. Schmitt, on the contrary, shows extreme truth in colour, as does "In Trouville Roads."

by M. Sauvaige. There is a noble melancholy in the "Antwerp," of M. Grimelund, with its river, wide as a branch of the sea, dominated by the tower of its cathedral, which in the distance looks like a lighthouse. M. Nozal's "Beach of Berck-sur-Mer" well expresses the gloomy sadness of those infinite-seeming stretches of sand. "Evening at St. Georges-de-Didonne" near Royan, is a faithful presentation of that beautiful coast.

M. Petitjean exhibits "The Millstream at Gerbéviller," a work of thoroughly personal impression, of a large and fresh execution. The old wooden houses, on the banks of the quiet stream, gaze upon their images in the water, and give it all the play of their reflections, which confuse themselves with the light of the sky. The site is happily chosen and happily rendered.

The "Lande du Parc," by M. Julien Calvé, exactly expresses the desolation of the Landes. Yellow broom and ruddy heath mingle their colour in pallid shades. It is rather a study, the conscientious interpretation of a corner of Earth, than the expression of a state of mind, but there is great deal of truth in it, and that is enough to establish its value.

The landscapists of autumn and of twilight are well represented by M. Pointelin, who remains faithful to his poetic silhouettes of great woods on which night descends, or on which the dawn rises. His "Mossy Meadows" and his "Grey Dawn" are new witnesses to his persevering love for the wild sites of the Jura. M. Félix Bouchor has sought and found the melancholy of trees by the roadside when leaves are falling. The "Fall of the Leaf" shows the rusty foliage as it drops, covering the hard surface of the road, preparing the way for the feet of Winter. An emotion of artist and poet emanates from this simple picture, which needs no other subject than its own to be touching.

M. Eymieu also loves the "Sunset" and the beginning of twilight. M. Quignon, on the contrary, prefers the flaming glow of flowers under the sun of Spring. His "Apple-Trees in Blossom"

"MISS KATIE"

flame with rare intensity. They rival in glow the "Summer Flowers" of M. Quost. M. Zamor's "Rue de l'Espérance, at Créteil" is full of light. The "Woodland Firs" of M. Van Damme-Sylva are only a study, but one of a high quality.

The Orientalists grow fewer and fewer. The faithful to Algeria

send once more impressions of colour, of light and warmth, but the real East is abandoned or all but. The great movement which drew towards it all the great artists of the first half of this century, has stayed itself after producing a magnificent harvest of work. One turns nowadays to the colourless countries of the West; but already the lassitude of this new pilgrimage begins to make itself felt, and to-day one asks to which side should one turn to find that new thing, which does not exist, but of which the public has forever need. It is probable, then, that within the near future, our

landscapists will return toward the Lands of the Sun in hopes of restoring a little warmth to their anæmic execution.

It seems strange that Algeria has not inspired painters with as much power as the East. Despite Delacroix, despite Fromentin, the life and landscape of Algeria, charming as the seduction of their colour may be, have not taken an important place in Art. The picturesque does not always suffice. Natural features, be they ever so grand in themselves, are grander still when they represent some epoch of human history, and Algeria has no history. Her sky, her horizons, her mountains, her valleys, and her forests possess fully as much splendour as those of Egypt, of Syria, or of Greece, but man has not lived through great events in a corner of the globe with impunity. Something forever remains in him of the soil on which he was bred and in which his forefathers were buried. And as we know, or very nearly, the life of our like or of our ancestors, the places that the painter evokes before us, invest themselves before our eyes with the sublime poetry of the past. Everything is to be done over again that was done by the great Romanticists; all the sites they chose are there to be regarded with our eyes which see so differently from theirs. What matters it that all the beautiful points of view have been copied a hundred times, and are dishonoured by the presence of troops of tourists. All beauty springs from the soul of the artist, and it were to be wished that painters should turn again toward that East in which all the arts found their birthplace, in order to bring back impressions corresponding to the profound admiration that it inspires in all those who feel and those who know.

Algerian pictures are scarce in this Salon. Those that are here produce a very clear impression, that of a scrupulous exactitude. The "Ravine of Bouzareah," by M. Tanzi, shows the absolute conscientiousness of that artist towards Nature. In this instance a little *laisser-aller* would, perhaps, have given an additional charm to his work. "Sidi-l'Hassen, near Tlemcen," by M. Joubert, is

a graceful landscape, gay in colour. Seen through leafy avenues, under a tempered sun, the village spreads its white roofs and its domes. One might almost believe oneself in France, in a market-town of the Centre, on a fine summer day. "On the Road from Kardada," by M. Rigolot, glows on the contrary with the most sparkling colour, strong tones of gold and violet clash with vehemence under a blinding sky. This is an impression of the real Africa, in summer, at high noon. One feels a certain joy, after passing before this furnace, in resting before "Snow at Montbardon," by M. Prévot-Valéri, and in breathing the coolness of the lovely garden, powdered over with hoar-frost, in which the re-birth of Spring already reveals its promise.

The lovers of Paris are not very numerous, and we regret it. Never can the portrait of this marvellous city, in which one meets at every street corner with such wonderful effects, be too often painted. Never can one have enough of the sites, pleasant or gloomy, that are te be found within its borders. Can anything be more picturesque than the banks of the Seine during its passage through the town? A whole school of landscape would there find enough themes for its expression. As for the monuments of Paris, each of them represents so many centuries of history, such great events, that they have become as it were mute personages of incomparable grandeur. *Genre* subjets, themes of popular or domestic life, abound; they are everywhere. It is an artistic macrocosm.

Parisian landscapes have not only an art value; they possess in addition considerable documentary interest, and one can only be grateful to those painters of talent who fix for us the physiognomy of modern Paris, which is becoming the site of the old Paris. If one thinks of the extreme importance that old-time views have retained for us, imperfect as they may be, one is able to affirm that our latest posterity will place a high price on the canvases of those painters who love to make and re-make the portrait of our great city.

M. Cagnard sends a view of the Boulevard Rochechouart by twilight, and a view of the Palace of Justice, which are most interesting. M. Gosselin's view of the Artesian Well of Grenelle, also by twilight, is equally remarkable. "The Garden of the Tuileries," by M. Dubuisson, is a picture full of solid qualities. M. Wells has sent a view of the Luxembourg Garden, treated in a large style.

M. Jules Breton is a countryman who has always remained faithful to the plains of Artois. His this year's exhibit, "Messengers" and "The Poppy Harvest" are new pages added to the book which the distinguished painter has written on his native country. They are not the most important, and we shall not judge him by them. He has behind him too considerable a body of work for us not to prefer to talk of that rather than to insist on "The Poppy Harvest." Millet sought and found the design, the style, of the peasant. There is no need to know his working processes, nor to have seen his many experiments, in order to divine that his unique aim was to fix the grandeur, the beauty even of that man, nameless and story-less, who lives by the earth and so near to the earth. M. Breton has rather sought for the poetry, the literary side of the peasant. Not that he lacks conscientiousness before his models: but between the eye of the artist and the rural model, certain souvenirs interpose themselves sometimes, of a gesture, of an attitude, that does not quite belong to the surroundings he describes. There are, in certain of his peasant-women, movements of the head or curves of the arm, that we remember to have seen in other places and at other times. Here is the result of intellectual influences, so much to be dreaded for the plastic arts. We dare hardly say that M. Jules Breton is too much of a litterateur; but if we did not know him to be one by the verses that he has published, in which one meets such excellent passages, we should have easily divined it. He belongs to the generation of Fromentin, who wrote what was almost a master-piece, *Dominique,* souvenirs of the Sahel and

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the Sahara which are models of coloured style, and *Les Maîtres d'autrefois,* which remains until displaced the *chef-d'œuvre* of art-criticism. In his poems, M. Breton has shown himself what he is in his painting. There is too much likeness between one and the other for them not to have exercized a mutual influence.

With the exception of his picture "Rogation" — one of his best — M. Jules Breton has declared himself the determined painter of subdued landscapes, twilights in which remain a little rosy light, and in which the crescent moon begins to reveal herself. He does not place his peasants in the full light of noon, but in a shade which melts down the detail and gives relief only to the silhouettes. One cannot deny the deep poetic sentiment of his pictures, and that is what saves them from monotony. One could only wish them a little more lyrism—a little more frenzy, if you will.

Brittany attracts just as many *genre* painters as ever by her local colour, by all the indefiniteness and melancholy of her fauna. Even though innumerable paintings have left nothing to know of her picturesqueness, she seems destined to be indefatigably reproduced under all her forms. In the days of Romanticism, this enthusiasm was understandable. Brittany was the favourite land

of the romances of chivalry, of the great epics of the dagger and the coat of mail. Painters as well as writers then lived in the past, their eyes fixed upon a time all the more beautiful the less that was known of it.

Nowadays, all these effusions are done with, but Brittany has furnished a new theme. Her legends, to which our scepticism is wholly indifferent, constitute a fresh source of possible inspirations. The fashionable mysticism accommodates itself very well to the evocation of phantoms, to ghost-stories that in Brittany itself are becoming less and less popular in the daily contact with holiday-making Parisians. The "Breton Legend," of M. Bourgain, has arisen from that inspiration, as has also the "Token," of M. Bulfield. To speak the truth, their ghosts spoil for us the flavour of these renderings of Breton interiors. We prefer the simple farm studies of M. Brodie and M. Désiré Lucas, which are merely conscientious bits of painting.

"Before Embarking," by M. Eugène Leroux, represents a public-house tap-room, where robust sailors drain their last glass of whisky ashore. The picture is sombre, but vigorous. To make amends, M. Dennery has kept his "Gleaner of the Shore" within a grey scheme, not very pleasing to the eye, but absolute in its truth. The gleaner of the beach is the direct descendant of the wrecker; he skulks alongs the edge of the waters, and waits the good fortune of a wreck that shall bring him wood, barrels, cases, and old iron with which to enrich his wretched hut. M. Dennery's picture is expressive, all who have visited the shores of Finistère will recognize the fidelity of his composition.

"Evening Rest," by M. Joseph Artigues, takes us far away, to the country of the South of France; his painting breathes the rude calm of these harsh lands. We already know this young artist by his beautiful drawings, studies of peasants of the Cevennes, strongly rustic in expression. We have the right to anticipate for him the success due to a thoroughly individual talent.

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Year by year, the impressions of Italy grow rarer in the Salon. Where is the time when every spring brought its crop of *pifferari* or of *lazzaroni*, of landscapes in the Campagna, or views of Florence? Each generation has its own admirations. Ours is turned away from Italy; too well-known to the eyes of our painters, probably : as though the rarety of a subject had anything to do with its value!

In reality, the desertion of Italy and Greece coincides with the general desertion of classic studies, with the growing invasion of the Anglo-Saxon spirit, so hostile to art. What matter great horizons to him who has no other ideal in the world than that of getting rich?

Were Poussin and Claude Lorrain to return among us and exhibit their majestic landscapes at the Salon, the public would look with astonishment upon these works, born of a culture that no longer exists. The artists of other days, nurtured upon history, could not look without emotion upon the earth, the ruins, even to the smallest stone, that had witnessed the great things of which they had been told. For them, as they struck in the line of the horizon of the Campagna or of the hills of Attica, they saw again in thought the life of humanity at its highest. Something of that emotion passed into their painting, which thus became greater than their talent alone could have made it. All that is objectless nowadays, in an epoch when the veritable art-sense dwindles from day to day, when the commercial spirit has replaced that of disinterestedness. There is no use fighting against such a tendency; one can only pity those who, having preserved the cult of Beauty, find themselves exiles in a society that cannot comprehend them.

Italy is now no more than a pretext for studies of manner and custom. M. Bompard exhibits two of these that are pleasing to look upon. His "Prayer to the Madonna" is composed of a young woman kneeling and praying at the foot of one of those modern altars which one meets in some Venetian churches and the blatant ornamentation of which spreads itself amid the chapels and

the marvellously wrought tombs of the great epoch. The "Pumpkin Seller" is a painting taken from life on the market of the Rialto, where all Venice comes to furnish itself with fruit, vegetables, and herbs. The pumpkins, melons, peaches, tomatoes, figs, and onions, cover the ground like a carpet glowing with colour; some there are even that roll into the canal, and that the passengers in the gondolas meet, peaceably floating on the sluggish current. M. Bompard's two canvases are a feast for those who have seen Venice; they will find in them the faithful echo of their sensations. "Bathing in a Canal at Venice," by M. Darasse, is another humoristic episode of popular life. In this happy land, in order to bathe, the habitants have only to walk out of their front door, and step into the street—that is to say, the canal. The small boys indulge themselves thus, under the eyes of the gondoliers, in gambols that look as if they could only be executed on dry land. And all this in a glitter and flash of water enough to disconcert the most impetuous of modern colourists.

"Water Babies," by Mademoiselle Dufau, is the same scene, but this time Parisian. It is another bath of small boys. The composition is not perfect in its conception; it is rather a scrap or corner of nature than a balanced piece, but the colouring is just; it is real painting. "Saying Grace," by M. Vazquez, takes us back to Spain. Peasants, sitting under the shade of a tree, in front of their house, repeat their *benedicite* before beginning their frugal midday meal. As in the picture of M. Sorolla, light abounds, fluid, refulgent, the real light of cloudless summer.

M. Morisset's "Etcher" works in a mysterious dusk, like an alchemist in his laboratory. The "Antiquary" who is shown us by M. Victor Lecomte, examining his treasures by the light of his evening lamp, equally enjoys the most comfortable tranquillity. M. Grateyrolle, in "The Sick Man," and Madame Cohen in "The Nurse," express in clear language the misery, and devotion of poor folk, always ready to help one another.

"A Street Corner," by M. Chahin, is a scene in the daily drama of the streets of Paris. The homeless folk, the beggars who live how and where one fails to conceive, make their repast of a handful of fried potatoes, bought of the fat dame who watches so carefully over their cooking. These are the rich, who eat; there are those who are poorer still, who have not even the essential halfpenny, and who linger at barrack gates to receive the soldiers' leavings. Nothing can be truer; but is not the real aim of Art to aid man to forget his cares, in carrying him far away from bitter reality?

The "Psyche" of M. Guinier, the "Beatrice" of M. Mondineu, are outside all reality if one compares them with M. Chahin's "Street Corner." They are executed with less vigour, perhaps, but their dreamy grace ensures their superiority.

M. Checa excels in painting runaway horses, wild gallops, in the circus or on the plains. In his "Abduction," a barbarian warrior dramatically carries off a young woman and flies at headlong speed to hide his prey. We prefer, all the same, the "Troop of Horses," by M. Pâris, which, conducted by Arab horsemen, gaily descends a sunlit Algerian road. Another souvenir of Algeria is "Returning from a Fête, Algiers," by M. Bridgman. Women, dressed up in their best, return home in a boat; a graceful scene, into which, however, the painter has not put the colour and relief we should have expected.

M. Knight's "Summer Evening" is also a nocturne. It is summer, the brilliant moon throws her glow upon the water; two young villagers, on a terrace that dominates the river, sit and talk. Of what, one guesses. The sentiment of the idyll is delicate. In "A Wedding in 1830" M. Gelhay makes us read again a page of Paul de Kock, the popular romance-writer, once over-admired, and now too much neglected. The wedding party enjoys itself in a restaurant-garden at Meudon or Romainville, and while the guests drink to another, the newly-married couple, sit apart, conversing

tenderly. M. Outin prefers the epoch of the Empire or that of the Restoration. A downpour has surprized the passers-by; they take refuge under the arcades of the Place Royale, and "During the Shower," a handsome soldier eyes with interest the foot of a pretty woman.

In the "Milliner's Shop," by M. Gilbert, we recognize with pleasure one of the innumerable pictures that are furnished by the working life of Paris. Milliner's assistants, seated round a table,

F. TATTEGRAIN — *Rescue at sea.*

compose those marvellous achievements which together form the toilette of a Parisienne. M. Chocarne-Moreau, on his part, seeks the drollery of the street; he loves the cook-boys and scamps who play jokes on the passers-by, the kitchen-lad who puffs his cigarette smoke into the face of a parrot. His "A Sharp Wrangle" is amusing. M. Beyle is also a humourist when he presents the public with his "Marriage of Convenience"—that is with two dogs, dressed as bride and groom, sitting up under the eye of a clown with painted nose. After that presentation, they will return to the "Green-Room," to which M. Vimar introduces us, and where we are pleased to meet the great Dane, greyhound, bulldog, and monkeys, who form the élite of the troupe.

A. Brispot

Another theatre; but this time the actors are human, under the facetious conductorship of M. Brispot. We are present at the town's-meeting of a little provincial town. The authorities are ranged upon a platform, and M. the Sub-Prefect is giving a medal to the poor old servant who has remained "Fifty-four Years in Service." M. Brispot has cause for laughter; for, in our knowing age, nothing can be more comic than fidelity and devotion. The real victor of the century is "Bold Advertisement," such as she is shown by M. Lequesne, shrieking, gesticulating, radiant amid the tools of her trade, the newspaper, the trumpet, the drum, and the balloon, drunk with her own eloquence, believing herself the mainspring of the universe. And, all the while, many grimly sorrowful things pass silently by her side, like this "Convoy of Prisoners," that M. Julius Price shows us wordlessly making its way over the infinite snow-plains to the mines of Siberia.

The "Interrupted Duel," by M. Garnelo-Alda, is a scene of melodrama. These women in evening dress, throwing themselves between combatants who already stand sword in hand, are only seen in these days on the stage of the Ambigu or the Adelphi.

M. Dantan remains faithful to his studio interiors. His "Studio Interior" and his portrait of the sculptor, Paul Aubé, are two pretty scenes of a sculptor's life. Expressed in all the scale of greys, they are endowed with a fineness of tone that makes of them a feast, occasionally exquisite.

What can one say of M. Bouguereau's "Compassion"? This picture shows us what an abyss separates academic from classic painting. M. Bouguereau is academic. His Christ on the Cross has not even that correctness in design for which one always, without examination, gives him credit. As for emotion, that is altogether absent, despite the visible effort made to attain it. The subject, be it the most poignant that can be chosen, is not sufficient to produce an impression; the most simple is enough. M. Bouguereau might ask certain artists in this same Salon, M. Paul-

Albert Laurens for example, for the secret of the pleasure always given by sincere painting, even when it deals with the least tragic scenes.

We conclude this review of the principal works in the Salon by remarking the "Foster-Sisters" of M. Guillou; the "Armful of Flowers" of M. Cavé; the "Young Girl Laughing" of M. Piot; and the "Maternal Tenderness" of M. Perrault: all of them works that seek for their interest in a graceful subject.

We cannot quit the Salon without saying a word of the Pastels. The art of to-day resembles on many of its sides that of the eighteenth century. It is not with impunity that amateurs and litterateurs have called painters' attention to the delicate charm of a misunderstood century. Pastel has benefited by this return toward the amiable grace which is, after all, that which is best in our national art. For some years past, a renaissance of pastel has taken place, and produced works which will in all probability last longer than many paintings that seem established to all eternity. There is an abundance of charming portraits, which cannot, it is true, rival those of a La Tour or a Chardin, but which are often superior to those of the secondary masters of last century. The average of our pastellists is very high. In many individual exhibitions, in the Salon even, one has met works of extraordinary truth and brilliancy. One is led to believe that for many effects of transparency, of daintiness and softness, pastel is superior to oil. Even to the murky depth of rocks, to the sombre lines of nocturnal horizons, does it extend the revelation of its exceptional vigour. If some ingenious inventor were to find the secret of preserving this coloured powder in its primal freshness, pastel would be one of the most beautiful means of expression in the hands of Art.

Even though the rooms reserved to it are right at the end of the galleries they are none the less interesting. In reality, three-quarters of the pastels exhibited are superior to the pictures that encumber the walls of the rooms reserved to painting. But it is

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understood among the juries that the value of a work is defined by the process employed, and that this one is inferior.

"Villeneuve-l'Étang," by M. Tanzi, the "Seascape," by M. Fraser, are gems as remarkable as the landscapes of Messrs. Cagniart and Caron. The "Woman's Head," by M. Gensollen, is charming; the "Prayer" of Mademoiselle Pastré is a study in which talent is doubled by a rare surety of execution.

M. Dantan's "Breakfast" is a real picture: small children breaking their fast around a table. The colour is very clear, accented, in contrast with the grey which forms the dominant note in other pictures by the same artist.

Madame Real del Sarte has also produced a taking composition: "No Model Wanted?" the accepted phrase of the model who comes to offer herself.

Still further exiled than the pastels, the miniatures seem as though serving out a sentence in the places to which they are thrust. It would be difficult to show miniaturists more clearly the contempt in which their art is held by the big-wigs of painting, whose master-pieces are piled in the neighbouring rooms. A little more condescension would be in better keeping, were it but from mere courtesy, seeing that most miniaturists are women. This delicate work was once upon a time performed by men; to-day, women have made it their own, and it must be said that they have succeeded in that through producing works of great merit. The miniatures, or rather the portraits of Mesdames Bouchot and Camille Henriot, those of Mesdames Bady, Debillemont, Chardon, Gruyer-Brielman, de Mirmont, without surpassing the *maëstria* of Madame de Mirbel, make a good figure beside her.

One general observation may be made on this form of art as it is practised to-day: the art of the miniature ought not to borrow the methods of other modes of painting. The material conditions of its execution impose on it very special processes from which it cannot with advantage depart. The preoccupation of a large

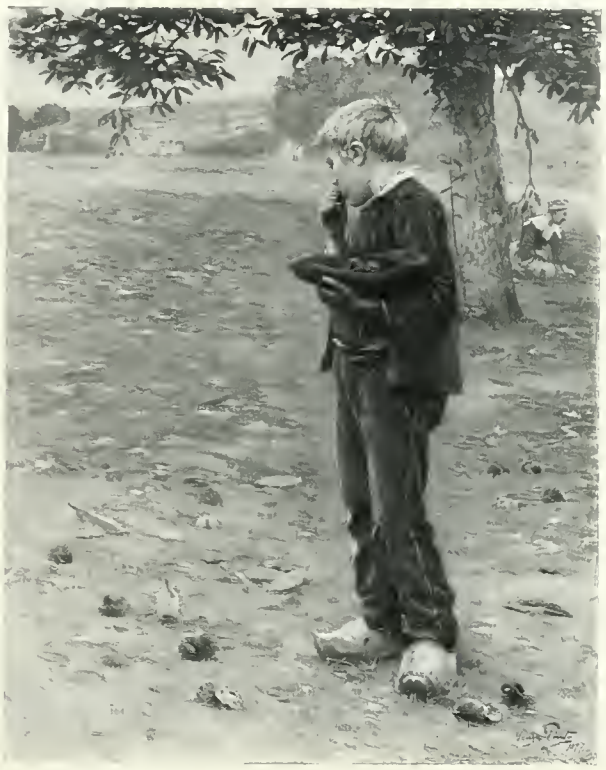
execution, analogous to that of oil-painting, manifests itself among miniaturists. The results of this tendency are not satisfactory; they destroy delicacy without adding force. There is every reason to return to the manner of Augustin, who is, in sum, the one who above all takes account of the special method and processes of the art.

In conclusion, the Salon of 1897 well represents, in its two rival manifestations, the present state of French art. No more tradition, no School; individualities only, some of them very strong. The theory of individualism triumphs here as everywhere else; disorganizes, that is to say, the forces that holding together might have been able to build up a succession of great works. Personal effort is not adequate to surmounting all the difficulties of a creation; the individual reduced to himself is not strong enough to re-make the whole of Art, and his disdain of tradition, of the Schools, has no other result than diminishing the value of his most strenuous and powerful efforts.

If at the least, amid that state of anarchy which artists have brought about, one could distinguish a definite current setting toward some one point of the horizon, the evil would not be irreparable. But painters direct themselves, singly, and isolated, toward the four cardinal points: one towards modernism, another towards the history of all times and all countries; another towards the chance of what he may meet. They seem not to very well know what they think themselves; for indeed—some exceptions apart, of course—they display no *parti-pris* in any particular direction. Perhaps the critical sense is too developed, and through learning to love so many and such opposite things, they have lost that faculty of loving or hating which is the mark of all conviction; or perhaps it is, as some unkind folk suggest, that their general education is insufficient, and they misunderstand tradition because they know nothing about it.

However it may be, the confusion is certain. The Salon of 1897

is like its forerunners, simultaneously classic, romantic, academic, mystic, legendary, English, Swedish—and sometimes French. It is no longer a direct emanation of the national spirit, something born of our soil; it represents a cosmopolitan exhibition, an international bazaar, where each brings the products of his industry. And the critic can only patrol these long galleries and make his choice, in philosophising as patiently as he can, on the decadence of which he is a witness.



JULIA PINTO — *The chestnuts*

However, it is not everybody who resigns himself so easily to the dwindling of the French School, all the more that the foreign Schools are valueless apart from that which they borrowed from the French in other days. If at times we are beaten on this ground, it is with our own arms. Many clear minds think that it would be easy to regain our superiority, and that in resting faithful to ourselves. They are quite right, and the means is all ready: we have only to return to the classic tradition, which must never be confounded with academic teaching.

We must renew our forces by fresh contact with antiquity. Certain people imagine that that means to imitate the Greeks and Romans of the Restoration. That is not where the remedy lies; that would only be to change one convention for another, and we could only lose by the exchange. Leave then in peace the Greeks

and the Romans as historical personages; do not resuscitate these warriors and matrons, sometimes ridiculous and always tiresome. What is needed is not to set about the resurrection of the helmet, but only to inspire ourselves with the principles of antique art. The Ancients were nearer then we are to Nature; their ideas were not obstructed by religious ideas which commanded them to despise Form or Beauty: they saw them directly and expressed them loyally. The immense superiority of their art lies only in its sincerity, and that which is sincere is never vulgar. All modern artists who have known how to see Nature directly and express her without *parti-pris*, have by that fact alone drawn near to the antique spirit, and have produced works which remain and will remain. For the theories, conventions, systems, such as they are, never outlast the generation that has brought them into fashion: none of the works born of them can enjoy a longer life.

In the absolute confusion of artistic tendencies, we must search for a fixed point to which all the world turn their eyes, a star which may be a certain guide in the forward march. This fixed point can only be antique Art, on which all men are of accord, and of which the centuries have constituted for ever the authentic value. The vestiges of that art are in number large enough for us to know just that which it willed and that which it realized. There are no hypotheses to establish as to its tendencies; it stands erect before our eyes. It suffices to look with a mind free from the local influences of fashion, and the foreseen result is not long to be waited for. Experience has proved it many times; every artistic renaissance has been born of a pilgrimage to Athens. Contemporary Art has need of a renaissance; it is again the Greek spirit that must beget it.

SCULPTURE.

The average of sculpture is the same as that of painting. No striking work, but several remarkable pieces, accompanied by many others which are conscientious in design and execution. It seems that our masters are concentrating themselves for some great conception, or, more simply, are resting.

"In the Fields," by M. Boucher, is a charming work. This young haymaker is grace and expression itself. Assuredly, nothing can be further from academic modelling than this peasant girl, but she goes much nearer to classic modelling than most of the ordinary nudities to which the statuary of the École des Beaux-Arts confines himself. A legend, perfectly false, makes us believe that the nude was for the ancients the essential condition of sculpture. That erroneous idea, piously perpetuated in the Academies, leads artists into a road where they are certain to be crushed by comparison with the antique. The truth is that the Greeks, in their great epoch, made but few nude figures. All the goddesses on the pediments of the Pantheon were clothed by Phidias in delicate draperies, and in the work of his contemporaries, nude figures are those of personages for whom their nudity was, so to say, professional, as athletes, dancers, or, among divinities, those whose essential attribute it was. The greater number of the figures on painted vases, and of the Tanagra statuettes, are draped. If the statistics of the nude in ancient art were worked out, it would be seen with some astonishment, that in the fine periods of the art it is a reasoned particularity of the works in every case. The ancients never treated, as we do, the nude for the sake of the nude, and many of our draped statues are nearer to the antique in spirit than the undressed women who encumber the garden of the Palais de l'Industrie.

M. Boucher's haymaker in petticoat and caraco, shod with sabots, and leaning on a fork, partakes of the classic spirit through the rigorous truth of her costume and by the grace of her attitude. We know not whether the artist willed it so; it is none the less true that he has done it.

M. Frémiet exhibits a bas-relief destined to decorate the new building of the Museum: "Man in the Age of Stone." The man has killed a she-bear with a blow of his stake, sharpened and hardened by fire, and carries off the cub, which struggles in infantile rage. The group has movement; it possesses the savage picturesqueness that the artist knows how to give to his personages, men and animals. None like him has known how to render these struggles between primitive man and the then triumphant brute. Barye has created the supreme beauty of the wild beast, its force, its elegance; he has constituted it an individuality, he has raised it to a level with the human personality and placed it at the summit of art. M. Frémiet, on the contrary, has delighted in placing the animal in presence of man, and from that confrontation, which could only be a mortal strife, he has drawn the most powerful effects: the Combat of the Man and the Bear, the Gorilla carrying off a woman, are masterpieces. At the same time, with a rare versatility of talent, he has erected the most beautiful equestrian statues that one can meet on the places of Paris. With the exception of the "Centaur", by Barye, nothing can he cited as comparable to his "Jeanne d'Arc," and above all to his "Velasquez," which equals certain Italian statues of the Renaissance. Again, a large and varied collection of small figures, all interesting through their incontestable originality, show the variety of that talent which has never produced anything mean or commonplace, however diverse the subjects upon which it has been exercized—or that have been imposed on it.

The "Bonaparte" of M. Gérôme is the best piece of sculpture that this artist has modelled. In it he has found himself in com-

A. BOUCHER

IN THE FIELDS

SALON DE 1897

munity of ideas with his subject. We no longer possess the qualities of mind necessary to take up purely Greek themes and thus enter into competition with the Athenian artists. They rendered that which they saw : they rendered nothing they did not know. They never attempted to do Chaldean or Egyptian sculpture. Their art was wholly local, and this it was that constituted its value. Let us do the same, and we shall find our reward, because we are in modern times and among western countries, the heirs of antique tradition. M. Gérôme then has been well inspired in the choice of his subject, who belongs to us and whom we know as well as possible. Thus the realized work has assumed a real interest. The conqueror, meagre and yellow, seated on his Arab horse, sumptuously harnessed, and saluting the crowd with his large hat, forms a truthful evocation at the same time as a group of great value.

GÉRÔME — Bonaparte entering Cairo

The bas-relief which M. Mercié has carved for the tomb of Madame Carvalho, on the contrary, partakes as much of the nature of painting as it does of sculpture. From the vertical surface of the marble an apparition seems to emerge : it is the illustrious singer. The head and the upper part of the body alone detach themselves from the stone ; the rest of the figure remains engaged in the marble, imprisoned in a drapery of almost imperceptible relief.

The idea is pretty; it is happily rendered with that facile elegance with marks M. Mercié's talent. We should have wished for him that he had not as quickly abandoned the artistic way on which he engaged himself at the outset of his career, and of which his "David" was the masterpiece.

The commemorative monuments that one meets this year are not of an exceptional originality; almost all their authors have done better than their exhibits of to-day. The "Monument erected to the memory of the French soldiers in Madagascar," by M. Barrias, does not count among the best that this noble artist has signed. It seems as though emotion had been lacking in the conception of this monument, even to him who had such pure inspirations for the monument of St. Quentin, the tomb of Anatole de la Forge, and that of Guillaumet. The talent is certainly great that is displayed in this group intended for one of the places of Antananarivo; but however proudly may be posed the colonial soldier who watches, rifle in hand, the whole has not the decorative movement that could be wished for. It may be that the fault does not lie with the sculptor himself. Statuary lives only through form, but it is still essential that profound emotion should throb behind its form. The Madagascar campaign, however hazardous it may have been, gave rise to none of those heroic feats of arms that strike the imagination. Sickness was the great enemy of our soldiers, and the spectacle of their silent sufferings sends a shudder through the soul but does not lift it above itself.

The "Crowning-piece of the Monument erected to the memory of Joigneaux" participates in the calm which reigned in the life of that honest man. M. Mathurin Moreau has done a conscientious piece of work. Born of a solid talent and executed with great loyalty, it does honour to the artist and merits the high distinction that has been accorded it.

M. Verlet, in his monument to Guy de Maupassant, has sought once more to worthily glorify the exquisite story-teller. At the foot of

the inevitable funerary column, he has placed one of those dainty dames, at once merry and practical, sentimental and cynical, good and perverse, whose soul Maupasssant described with so much tact and skill.

It was a happy idea, that of placing on this monument a

E. FRÉMIET — *Neolithic Man*

veritably living being, taken from real life. Guy de Maupassant, so classic in his form, was pre-eminently modern in his thought. No souvenir of times past, no reminiscence of ancient writers intrudes itself on his thoroughly contemporary vision. He represents, the most exactly possible, the mirror of his time. An allegorical figure, the most perfect imaginable, would have been an anachronism on a monument intended to recall his memory. M. Verlet was justified in placing there this wide-skirted young woman who was one of his heroines. As to the effect there might be some reserves to

formulate, but they would probably be unjust, for the work is not in its destined place, and has neither its height nor its perspective.

The Luxembourg Gardens, once a marvellous park, then cut down to the proportions of a garden, finally reduced by the progressive invasion of the buildings to the dimensions of a square, this Luxembourg is to be enriched with a monument raised by M. Puech to the glory of Leconte de Lisle. The conception is not a new one. It is the invariable Muse conferring his palm and his crown upon the person glorified. The poetry of Leconte de Lisle, eminently plastic, abounds in sculptural evocations. Could not M. Puech have found among the multitude of figures created by the poet, one more original, and one more strikingly characteristic ?

"La Numismatique" is a statue commissioned by the State from the good sculptor Just Becquet. This robust artist, in whom is continued the tradition of Rude, his master, is the author of many works of great merit, thoroughly French in their art. His "Saint Sébastien," his "Christ on the Cross," worthily preserve the spirit of our beautiful seventeenth-century sculpture, of free, frank art which fashion may thrust aside for years at a time, but which always comes to the front again. The statue he now exhibits is an official commission that has not allowed the sculptor to give all that is in him.

The "Man and Wolves," by M. Jacquot, is a decorative group, beautifully effective. "The Wave on the Reef," by M. Jacques Loysel, possesses great charm. The influence of M. Rodin makes itself felt in the handling of its lines, in the harmony of its curves, where this eminent sculptor is a past master. M. Captier shows, in "Despair," a remarkable knowledge of modelling; may he receive the praise he merits. In other days this talent would have sufficed to render him peerless, but nowadays it is hardly enough to attract the attention of the public. Technical ability has become so common that it is barely noticed. One is now interested only by uncommon attitudes, or still more, by the rendering in marble

of subjects that once upon a time belonged wholly to painting.

This invasion of the art of the sculptor by that of the painter has become universal nowadays. The tendency of our epoch is towards the predominance of colour over design; sculpture has not escaped this contagion, and one may say to-day that statuary art has become wholly colorist. It is evident that contemporary marbles and bronzes have a skin more sensitive, more vibrant than those of past centuries. They have a special nervous life. But, in return, our artists have lost the sentiment of *ensemble*, the feeling for line. The decorative sense is almost wholly absent in contemporary creation; our sculpture is the sculpture of the fragment, the "bit."

These reflections may apply to the very important group, exhibited by M. and Madame Icard, united in a touching collaboration. The group is that of the "Foolish Virgins" who, having allowed their lamps to go out for lack of oil, and wishing to enter, find the door shut and receive no other answer than "Too Late!" They are represented by M. and Madame Icard throwing themselves against the fatal door, trying to break it with their fingers and wringing their arms in despair at their helplessness. The *ensemble* is dramatic, a little too much so, perhaps, but the figures, taken separately, are endowed with much truth of expression.

"Hagar," the marble group by M. Sicard, is also very interestingly executed; there is in it the study of a back which denotes singular skill of hand and a special knowledge of modelling.

Altogether, no new tendencies reveal themselves as yet. If one retraces the road travelled since M. Dubois' "Florentine Singer," one can see that the Italian influence which that work brought to France has not been very profound. It has found a powerful continuator in the person of M. Rodin, who has followed up that influence to the fullest extent, and has caused all that it implies of exotic to penetrate French art. But it is impossible to go further. The reaction will not be long in asserting itself. In fact, it manifests itself already in such works as the "Haymaker" of

M. Boucher, or at the Champ de Mars by the exhibits of M. Dalou, who continues with the most brilliant success the tradition of the Versailles School.

We judge that it is to this that the sculptor of to-morrow will return, after a long détour in which he will have touched all the foreign schools. The French School has produced master-pieces born of the soil of France and full of its inspiration. It is to these that a return must be made to find the energy and force of renewed youth.

BARRIAS — *Monument erected to the memory of French Soldiers in Madagascar*

NATIONAL FINE ART SOCIETY.

PAINTING.

THE National—or, rather, International—Society of French Artists continues its annual exhibition at the Champ de Mars. The friends of peace, and they are many, had hoped that a reconciliation would take place between the rival Salons, and that it would suffice to find a neutral ground in order that the hand of friendship should be mutually extended.

The neutral ground has been discovered but the hands are still withheld. There is no ill-will on either part, nor even incompatibility of temper. This artistic schism corresponds to a very real thing, to a primordial antagonism born with painting itself, and destined to disappear only when Art is at an end.

All the Schools have been divided into two irreconcilable clans on the very subject that should unite them, on Colour and Design. Although several artists figure at the Champ de Mars who should count at the Palais de l'Industrie, and *vice-versa*, we may say, roundly, that the Palais de l'Industrie represents Design, and the Champ de Mars, Colour. Let us understand the terms. We do not mean to say that here one only makes designs, and there nothing but morsels of colour. We say merely that the Champ de Mars is the Salon of the colourists and the Champs Élysées that of the designers. Ingres, David, or Le Poussin would never have been members of the National Society; but, on the other hand Delacroix, Marilhat, Chasseriau, and the Orientalists would have enrolled themselves in its ranks. It is the eternal strife, that which in the 16th century set the Roman and Venetian Schools at loggerheads, inspiring bitter and contemptuous utterance on the part of Michel-Angelo and of Titian; the quarrel of Romanticist and Classical; the everlasting hostility between those who see mainly form and those who see mainly colour. The present schism is only a very old friend with an up-to-date face. There is nothing in it either to rejoice or worry over; we have only to recognize it and pass on.

M. Puvis de Chavannes exhibits the cartoon of a vast decoration intended for the Pantheon: "St. Genevieve Succouring the Besieged Parisians." We must frankly confess that this work was looked for with some misgiving. Neither the "Apotheosis of Victor Hugo" nor the decorative panels intended for America were quite up to the level of the artist's previous work. The composition was feeble and the colour indefinite. It seemed as though

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THE ROSE MERCHANT

M. Puvis de Chavannes had said all he had got to say. So that the surprise was all the more agreeable, to discover in the cartoon of St. Genevieve a great and beautiful composition balanced by an art of the freest, a landscape full of majesty; last and most, full of lofty poetry, superior even to that of the "Childhood of St. Genevieve." Such as it is, this sketch should satisfy the most exacting; it will make a good figure besides the artist's best work. What an eminent place it would occupy were he to re-find in its achievement the tonality of his panels of Marseilles, those that by their brilliant colouring have been his masterpiece, perhaps the only ones that have been real painting.

Everything in this great composition lends itself, after all, to the sumptuosities of colour. The scene passes at the foot of the town-walls, on the banks of the Seine, which serves as moat to the Roman fortifications that still surround Lutetia. At the news of St. Genevieve's arrival a great joy has taken hold of the besieged; they open the town-gates and hurry to meet their liberatress in a long procession of the whole clergy and people together. Meanwhile, the food brought by St. Genevieve to the famine-stricken town is being hastily put ashore. The slopes that border the river profile themselves against the sky, enclosing in the happiest fashion the spectacle in the foreground. Will M. Puvis de Chavannes return to his colour of other days, or will he continue the *parti-pris* adopted in his later works?

Before this composition, so well designed, this preoccupation imposes itself on the mind. We have the right to ask ourselves of what kind will be the colour with which M. Puvis de Chavannes will clothe these personages, grouped with so much thought; for he, better than any, knows how to suit his colour to the situation, to the lighting—in a word, to the destination—of his work. Will it be a pendant to the "Holy Wood" in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, or will it keep within the note he adopted for his "Childhood of St. Genevieve?" We must not forget that this

panel confronts the "Death of St. Genevieve" in which Jean-Paul Laurens has concentrated all the energies of his colour; a morsel of such vigour that all others pale beside it.

First of all, it must be said that M. Puvis de Chavannes will take no heed of his neighbours at the Pantheon. He will think only of himself, and none can blame him. In that unequal mixture which constitutes the decoration of the building, each painter has done his work without regard to his colleagues. A thoroughly democratic spirit has presided over the realization of the great undertaking; that is to say, that, having been left to the free will of the artists, each has wrought for himself, the unity of ornament has disappeared, and the whole, composed though it be of beautiful fragments, lacks the organic harmony indispensable to the success of such an enterprize.

M. Puvis de Chavannes will do that which he chooses to do, but we may guess it already. As the wall he is to decorate is that of the apse, the furthest from any direct light, his colouring will most likely be all the clearer proportionately to the lack of light. That is logical, but the logic is rather primitive. By dint of being pushed into white, colour shrinks to vanishing-point. The charm of fresh colouring is above all others a passing charm. We need no stronger proof than the present state of the "Childhood of St. Genevieve." When the panel was unveiled, the public had but one voice upon its freshness. One breathed an air so limpid, a perfume so sylvan, that one seemed to be transported into the earthly paradise of legend, into the golden age of history. To-day, Time has passed over the flower and has wrought with it as he does with all; its juvenile glow has faded, dullness has spread over the whole canvas, and we are forced to ask what will remain in fifty years if so little is left after fifteen.

However that may be, we cannot disguise the fact that all friends of Art desire, and see with pleasure begin, a reaction against the thin and pale methods of painting introduced by this

pyright 1897 by Pierrier Bellence

MORNING PIERROT

ON THE CLIFF

eminent artist into the French School. His great personal talent forced the acceptance of that which would have been refused from a lesser man. His many pupils have copied in him, as usual, only his defects, and since then we have seen interminable rows of pictures that had of M. Puvis de Chavannes neither his poetry nor his knowledge of composition, but only his conventional colour. Now the reaction has begun. One would like to see true painting once more, and the spontaneous success that has attended all pictures really *painted* is proof of a return to truth. We have done, we hope, with the white, flat, thin manner; we beg as a favour for a little warmth, a little life.

BLANCHE

M. Albert Bernard is a rare artist. To his instinctive qualities as a colourist he unites a classic education, a solid ground of most serious study, that gives a special force even to his fantasies. Gifted with a refined, even literary imagination, he has evoked and fixed most delightful apparitions. The decoration of the Mairie of the First Arrondissement, of the School of Pharmacy, of the Hôtel de Ville, among others, has attested the variety of his talent. Not all his portraits are of equal value, though each has its share of originality; but time will make its usual selection from such rich

work, and will preserve enough to give so fecund and so delicate an artist a high place in contemporary art. He shows portraits again this year; that of Dr. Calot, of Berck-sur-Mer, whose recent methods of treatment have made him a benefactor, a saviour even, of those ill-treated by Nature. His portrait is classic in attitude and execution; no effort after fantasy, which is as it should be. The men of science whom one calls in only during pain or sorrow, are not appropriate themes for the play of fancy, however ingenious it may be. They need an austere art. The artist understood this well when he placed his model, alone, with folded arms, upright before a bare wall; he has shown thus how easy it is for him who has approached the Masters, to attain style without effort.

The portrait of "Mesdames L... and D .." on the other hand, belongs completely to the rich series of feminine images regularly exhibited by M. Besnard; but we say nothing further of it than that it ranks with its most successful predecessors. The portrait of "M. L. D...," on the contrary, is new in the work of the painter. His temperament has led him up to the present toward brilliancy of colour, and here is a picture wholly in subdued shades, in elusive transparencies. This modulation in grey has nothing of the *tour-de-force* in which a tone plays upon itself; it is truthful, natural. One would say an exact reality seen through a souvenir or a dream. The effect is exquisite.

M. Ary Renan's "Voices of the Sea" is the work not only of a painter, but of a poet as well. In the pale green flood of the Breton sea, a woman, her bust emerging from the water, reclines dolorously on the neck of a gull that skims the crest of the waves. Symbol of the dying voices that seem to rise from the depths, image of the monotonous and tireless plaint of the Ocean. The transparent colour of the water, which seems to be a weakened emerald, the stormy atmosphere which broods upon the sea, give a very original aspect to the canvas. One feels the impression of a poetic thought seeking expression beyond the usual

DECLARATION OF WAR

FRANCE AND AUSTRIA 1792

THE [illegible]

forms and unsatisfied by the ordinary means of painting. All that comes from the brush of this artist, so largely comprehensive, bears the double mark, after all, of great and high thought and the subtile search after the rarest modes of expression. We have here one of the most attractive examples.

M. Simon's picture, "Portraits," attracts attention amidst the long white galleries of the Champ de Mars. This bourgeois family, assembled in a bourgeois drawing-room, does not strike us by the individual significance of the physiognomies; but the picture is solidly painted, and that is enough to conquer attention. And yet its robust execution does not shine by any extreme delicacy; there are many unjustified violences and summary processes. No mattter, there is in it a quality which covers all its defects. It is the picture of a painter; we wish to know nothing more. Amid the profound anæmia in which the talent of most artists atrophies itself, a wholesome work is a joy to the eyes. We must salute it in passing as the promise of a brilliant future.

It is precisely these qualities of vigorous execution that once constituted the essential genius of the French School, and that the foreign painters have learnt from us, with what success one knows. The artists of the North, whom we ungrudgingly applaud, perform nothing else than good French painting, such as it flourished fifty years ago. We have lost the tradition, if not the remembrance. They bring it back to us, and this is the sole profit we draw from the hospitality offered them by our Salons. The remarkable portrait of "Madame B..." exhibited by M. Zorn has nothing in it that comes from the North. We see very clearly from whence that art comes, and might easily claim it as our own. However that may be, the portrait is charming, clear in execution. M. Zorn has not known how to assimilate the secret of feminine attitudes, like M. Boldini. He does not know that which his Italian colleague knows so well, the charm of line; he has not the intuition of plastic beauty, but he paints light. The face, the bare arms

of his model are built up of light; even the dog in whose furry coat the young lady allows her hands to fall, is bathed in light. All this very summarily executed, in a sort of brilliant sketch. One may question whether this same portrait, pushed to the utmost limit of execution, like those of the ancient masters, would preserve that glowing youth which makes its charm. The question is allowed, and even the doubt. The artists of to-day know well the magic of the incomplete, the grace of the "almost," which leaves the spectator's imagination to complete that which they have indicated. They know it and they profit by it. But those who see further than the current hour, have reason for the reserves they make, even in giving themselves up to the pleasure of the moment. "Time spares nothing that is made without him," is a precept adapted to everybody. Many of our contemporaries will find the truth of it and pay for the lesson.

The portrait of "Madame V. P.," by M. Boldini continues the elegant gallery consecrated by this master to feminine beauty. To speak the truth, they are *grisailles;* little or no colour, but plenty of light. The artist delights only in black and white. Hence a certain uniformity in the first glance at his work. It is varied, nevertheless, and original through the astonishing fantasy of the attitudes. M. Boldini is an enthusiast for Woman. He understands her, he loves her for her infinite suppleness. He watches patiently for the unforeseen gesture, the unpremeditated pause of the young woman or the girl; one might say that he surprized them in the midst of a conversation, in the roguish movement of contradiction or of coquetry. As did the artists of the Renaissance who came to France to work at Paris or at Fontainebleau, M. Boldini amplifies or diminishes certain proportions in order to arrive at a more complete expression of elegance. Thus he lessens noticeably the thickness of the extremities, and lengthens them, as did Francesco Primaticcio and his pupils. Thus he gives a singular expression of nervous fineness to his portraits; thus he executes

AT HOME

PRINET

A YOUNG LADIES STUDIO

works of which one does not feel that one would like to see the model to find better. On the contrary, it seems as though he had added something of his own to them, and that real nature, if it has more health, has less of the unforeseen.

At the other pole of Art, M. Leempoels exhibits two portraits on one canvas : "Friendship." Two men, friends, of the same age, about fifty, and hand in hand in sign of an indissoluble community of sentiment. The moral expression of this feeling does not glow upon these faces of medium intelligence; no visible goodness lights up their fixed eyes, and nothing would call attention to the picture were it not rendered striking by a curious perfection of execution. We are here in presence of a purely local work, showing no trace of other influence. M. Leempoels is a Flemish primitive astray in our age of steam. He paints with the minute patience, with the scrupulous care for truth, which made the artistic *credo* of the 15th century. The faces of the friends have the air of being reproduced in a mirror, so faithful is the image. But that truth would be nought if the effect of the whole were lost in the detail. Happily, the painter is too shrewd to have made a mere photograph ; he has known how to preserve the general forms and give an art-value to his work. This mode of interpreting Nature is not in harmony with the French genius ; it is none the less interesting as an attempt to restore a process which lives only in our museums.

Everything has served M. Dagnan-Bouveret without his counting any pictures of a very personal accent in his work. Continuous good fortune protects him against his own audacities and at the same time against the venom of the critics. Neither his religious paintings nor his Breton scenes have taught us anything of religion or of Brittany, but the amiable grace of their execution has gone right to the heart of the crowd, and success has come with extended hands to M. Dagnan-Bouveret, while she turns her back upon others of more individual talent and deeper sentiment. The

portraits he exhibits this year have nothing that raises them above the average to which he has accustomed us. The portrait of "Madame T. R." and that of "Madame la Comtesse de B." have the charm of modern painting marked by the effort to exaggerate nothing, to manifest no exuberance. The art of M. Dagnan-Bouveret lacks defects; for his sake one wishes it had some.

BELLINI — Portrait of Mme V. P.

M. Jacques Blanche progresses from year to year; not that his this year's exhibit is much superior to that of last year. He then showed the painter Thaulow amid his family, a picture which left him without a peer. But the qualities acquired by him have been maintained and fortified, and that is a veritable progress, rather than the happy hazard of a successful picture. The artist remains faithful to the English School, whose influence on his manner is still visible. The success decreed by fashion to that School will not encourage him to free himself from its power; we hope however

LAZY LOVERS

MUNNIER

THE FAIRY TALE

SALON DE 18

that he will know how to throw it off and achieve his veritable destiny. The "Portraits in an Interior" attract attention less than the "Little Girl with Hat;" they are, however, treated with greater individuality. Portraits of bourgeois home-life have almost always inspired French painters with remarkable works. Everyone will recall the admirable series by David and by Ingres. Doubtless, one does not encounter that elegance—slightly factitious, it is true—which makes at first glance the charm of the English School, but how much our national personalities gain by being known! How thoroughly they possess that equilibrium, that loyalty, to which one always ends by returning after having allowed ourselves to be dazzled for the moment by the seductive ostentation of English artists. One always returns, by reflection or by time. The love of the foreign is a sign of youth, if not in age, at least in spirit; it shows that often having explored the world one has not yet settled down. The truth is, that it is in touching the soil of one's own country that one becomes original. When in a foreign work, we see a reminiscence, an influence, that is French, it loses its own value in our eyes; we prefer to it that in which the local colour is clear and pure. It is the same with our own pictures in which a souvenir of a foreign School is to be seen; they have lost the best part of their value without acquiring any in return.

The "Little Girl with Cat," by Madame Breslau, is agreeable to look up, harmonious in colour. "Fair-Hair" is a portrait, largely executed, a good piece of painting. Madame Breslau is certainly at the head of feminine painting. We know of no woman her superior either in artistic sense or technical ability. She possesses individuality, and that is enough to distinguish her. The question remains whether painting will reap any great benefit from the admission of women to the official schools; the existence even of these studios has given rise to so many criticisms that it may find itself compromised. Artistic movements are absolutely independant

of all State teaching; they produce themselves without anything to foretell them, aid, or retard them. Often, even, one sees them rise from the very conditions that would seem destined to hinder them. With such talent as that of Madame Breslau it matters little whether the teaching be done officially or no. The all-important is to suffice for oneself.

M. Aman-Jean exhibits a triptych. In the middle, the portrait of a woman seated on a bench, in a park with vast distances; right and left, two allegorical figures, Beauty and Poetry. M. Aman-Jean is a distinguished mind, whose intentions are not served by an adequate brush. His triptych takes us back to past conceptions of decorative painting, to well-known allegories, in which Beauty, Temperance, Justice, all the theological virtues, are represented by women in appropriate costume. The value of these allegories has never consisted in aught but the plastic attraction of the goddesses, and the manner has been abandoned because of the hopeless chilliness it engenders. We speak of allegory and not of symbol: the two terms are widely separated in meaning. To constitute a symbol, a fact of unchanging order is needed, as a cosmic phenomenon, represented by a human fact, of equally certain truth. These two terms are needed to make a symbol; thus Antiquity understood it, and one questions whether such conceptions can be other than the growth of centuries. As to representing any idea by any object or creature, that is pure allegory. There are some more or less happy; but, always being arbitrary, they have only a very relative value. In the early days of Art, this manner seemed handy, to serve as a pretext for figures; it has since been abandoned because of the insufficiency of their expression. We retain of M. Aman-Jean's triptych only the central figure, which is a very fine portrait, rather literary, in which life shows itself less by that which is seen than by that which is realised.

M. Guillaume Roger's "Decorative Fantasy" is a beautiful page, subdued in tone, delicate in contrast. Young women dance or walk,

QUARRY AT NANTERRE

IN STORM TIME

in the evening, through a dream-garden, where luminous globes balance themselves like oranges in the branches. This young and talented artist possesses serious qualities of distinction : he will speedily acquire vigour of colour when he shall have broken with his present preoccupations and resolved to be himself without caring what his neighbour is thinking. In this panel he affirms a natural elegance which will always keep him from falling into vulgarity. We only ask of him to embolden himself and carry out his own ideas to the end.

GABRIEL [illegible] Self-Communion

M. Lerolle is a decorator born. He has the sense of space, horizons, plains, all that is simple in silhouette? His "Pleasant Day" is a decorative painting in the full sense of the word. It could not be reduced to more modest proportions ; it has need of being just what it is in order that its charm may be felt. The view is taken from the edge of a wood, the trees of which, straight-trunked as the shafts of columns, occupy the foreground. In the intervals of that colonnade, the eye ranges over lawns, a lake, an enchanted landscape bathed in the light and warmth of a long summer day. Here the emotion is not in the colours ; it is in the undefinable impression of a fine landscape, seductive even in its lines ; it emanates from the soul of the artist and communicates itself directly to the regard, without visible artifice, by its innate force. A remarkable work.

The "Portrait of Madame G. F. and her children" is a pretty group, by M. Carolus-Duran. It is up to the average of this artist, whose talent has not enough of that which that of M. Aman-Jean has too much. There is nothing to say of the essays in landscape that he exhibits. Like many figure-painters who improvise a turn at landscape, he does not seem to suspect the infinite complexity of forms, of colours, of aspects, of Nature. The art of landscape reveals itself only to those who penetrate its secrets by long frequenting. It must be the devotion of a life and not an amusement.

The "Christ on the Cross" of M. Eug. Carrière is painted in the manner he has made for himself and which has had some success among litterateurs. There is no opinion to formulate on that picture any more than on that manner. If the artist really sees as he paints, it is a special case akin to that of certain painters who cannot see certain colours; there is then such a gulf between his vision and that of the generality of men that no discussion is possible. If, on the other hand, that manner is a *parti-pris*, it is regrettable to see a painter adopt one which, by the thick veil it spreads over all things, does away at a stroke with all difficulties of design, colour, light, at the same time as all artistic expression. The process has been known for some centuries which consists in concentrating the light on one sole point, leaving the rest in shadow, even in the blackness of night. That method has produced master-pieces that one may see without going very far. But then that unique point resumes in itself the supreme degree of glow, of colour and of light. The attempt is fine, for one fails miserably if one does not triumph. To risk it, is needed the certainty of a masterly execution. But covering everything with fog and smoke, leaving form and colour to be divined through them, is a process which too readily evades the difficulty, with whatever address it is applied.

M. Cottet, also, has made a manner for himself, but in it we see clearly, at least. Simplification in the extreme of silhouette

STORM ON THE BEACH OF SCHEVENINGEN

M. COURANT

RETURN OF SHRIMPERS

CHOUQUET

and of tone carries him further than is needed. "Young Girl and Old Women," the "Old Apple-Woman," struck in with vigour, painted in great splashes of colour, have the most violent look of hardness. Here nothing veils itself, bathes itself with atmosphere; it is the most absolute antipodes of the grey painting one meets at each step among the nearest neighbours of M. Cottet. The *parti-pris* of this painting is clear and definite, to be taken or left. It must be accepted, because the sum of its qualities is greater than that of its defects. Let Time do its work. With maturity crudities ripen, sometimes even to entirely disappearing; we have even seen them give place to radically opposite extremes. It is the effect of years and a little reflection. How many painters who to-day only think through Ingres would be astonished did one recall what they thought in the days of their youth! But it is well that it should be so. The world would die of boredom if all that is truly great and beautiful were not continually called in question, if each artist did not recommence the discussion of all that has been definitely acquired and become part of the commonwealth of humanity. After all, what should we have to talk about?

The Jewish scenes, the synagogue views of M. Brandon are as always interesting. Why has an artist of such a robust talent, whose works are marked with so much character, why has he not, among the public, the reputation that he merits? The subjects he treats are austere, which is enough to repel the indifferent. At least, the esteem of all artists remains faithful to one whose crime is to lack commonplace.

Lucky commonplace has also failed M. Marcelin Desboutin. For years he has exhibited portraits of character, realistic, and at the same time, of rare expressiveness. All friends of Art are pleased to recognize in him a thoroughly individual painter, one of those who, like many other irregulars, will survive the multitude whose present success is destined to be replaced by oblivion. The portraits of M. Baudin and of M. Fournières are works of

value, of the good French School; that is to-say, loyal and solid.

M. Helleu, a designer of great distinction, whose dry-points proceed directly from the most graceful masters of the 18th century, sends three exquisite studies of Versailles. They are corners of the park, in autumn, when the reddened leaves fall at the least touch of wind, raining down upon the white statues. These three studies present themselves modestly, without shrieking tones, with the discretion of good taste. The grandiose melancholy which forever hovers over the admirable park has descended upon these little canvases, so simple in motive and so reserved in execution: and this is enough for us to place the artist in a rank apart, among the elite of those who feel with delicacy, among the aristocrats of Art. Besides, even the choice of site manifests a whole order of ideas, sympathetic to all those who have some refinement of soul. Our epoch, which in democratising also mediocratises itself on all sides, and returns towards barbarism, disdains the marvels of a past which was our own. It is understood that Versailles is to be considered a bore; Versailles which was the masterpiece of a century-and-a-half of efforts of the purest French genius. This palace and this park, that Europe has copied in all its capitals, are a point of pilgrimage only to a few rare artists and writers. But yet, there is there a source of lofty inspirations, capable of reviving our art, which runs hither and thither in the search for that which is at its door. Versailles is the immortal witness of a nobler, purer civilization than ours, of an art really original, beside which our copies of foreign art are valueless and infantile. Why does not one go oftener to demand of that dead miracle the secret of some fine work? Are painters so little poets that they understand neither majesty nor eloquence? Are they so indifferent to the triumph of thought that everything outside the technique of their art is sealed to them? The artists whose masterpieces people our museums had a higher ideal of their art; they had the care of grandeur, they sought as much to touch the soul

TRIBUTION OF FLAGS TO THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY

as to seduce the regard. That preoccupation has not harmed their creations; on the contrary, it breathed into them a new force that upholds them now that Time has wiped off the glow of their colour and destroyed the freshness of their design. Here is an example to imitate. So that we owe gratitude to those, who, like

M. Helleu, try to repeat for us the great things of yesterday and succeed by the sole effort of their sincerity.

We owe great artistic consideration to M. James Tissot. His astonishing illustration of the Gospels, witnesses to immense labour directed by most veritable talent. After such an effort, an artist has taken his place in contemporary art. So that it is only just to give all his works the benefit of that sympathy which he has won through one among them. This year he shows a vast canvas:

"The Reception at Jerusalem of the Apostolic Legate of the Holy See, H. E. Cardinal Langénieux, by the Patriarch, H. B. Mgr. Piavi." The first impression is not that we should have wished to feel. The picture is an official picture, and that is its excuse. But this mass of personages, or rather, of portraits, does not melt into an atmosphere which gives it depth, which establishes the planes and constitutes the vitality of the representation. With that reserve, the picture gains by close study. All these physiognomies, taken separately, have the individual relief and character of nature. Each portrait could be detached from the whole and retain its individuality. As souvenir of a pious ceremony, one can desire no more exact resemblance; the document is precious for the future historians of Catholicism in Jerusalem.

Not far from this great canvas of modern history, hangs another of revolutionary history, of which something must be said, not because of its own value, but because of the surroundings amid which it is exhibited. It is the "Night of 9th-10th Thermidor," by M. Weerts. M. Weerts exhibits in this same Salon, a dozen portraits that, on a good many points, touch miniature, not so much by their size as by the pretty art with which they are executed. Amidst that gallery of portraits, an historical picture, a tragic episode that has already attracted more than one artist. Like a simple historical painter in the Champs Élysées, M. Weerts has recourse to the catalogue to explain his meaning. We copy: "Opinion was divided. Saint-Just, Couthon, Coffinhal, almost all wished to act. Robespierre wished to wait. Change his rôle, begin a war against the law, was it not in this moment to efface all his life, erase with his own hand the idea by which he lived, which gave him all his force? However, the saying of Couthon: 'We have nothing to do but die?' seemed to shake him for a moment. He took a sheet of paper, bearing already written an appeal to insurrection, and slowly wrote these two letters that one may still see: *Ro*..... But, arrived there, his conscience rebelled; he threw

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THE EXPEDITIONARY SQUADRON LEAVING TOULON FOR

down the pen. 'Write, then!' they cried. 'In whose name?' This saying assured his fall; but his salvation also in history."

Thus, a paragraph from Michelet's History of France is needed to explain this picture. We ask ourselves, then, what becomes of the cutting ironies with which the separatists of the Champ de Mars, with which the *virtuosi* of modern art, crush those poor historical painters, obliged in order to make themselves understood to explain themselves in the Catalogue or on printed labels? These also, before the same problem, have recourse to the same means, for the simple reason that they cannot do otherwise.

But leave this criticism on one side. The truth is that at the Palais de l'Industrie, M. Weerts' picture would have passed unseen among so many other historical anecdotes. At the Champ de Mars, it strikes one as a thing which has lost its way. This souvenir of the great events of other days, what is it doing here in a place from which all thought of any high order is absent? M. Puvis de Chavannes put on one side, as being a classic whose place is not there, nobody at the National Society seems to know that humanity has a history. It would appear that the world had begun with them, and that nothing of what it has done, of what it has loved and suffered, counts in our civilization. Such a state of mind in the 15th or 16th centuries would have suppressed religious history and mythology, that is to say, almost all painting. If the masters of the Renaissance had been content with that which suffices for our moderns, three-quarters of their work would never have seen the day. They sought higher and further and it is the honour of their genius to have enriched and glorified the common patrimony of working and thinking humanity.

It must be said, that in suppressing from their artistic programme everything which touches the great human questions, the National Society has reduced its field of action to the narrowest proportions. It is confined to landscape, portrait, *genre*, and even this modest form of art grows rarer and rarer. Soon we shall

see nothing but landscape at the Champ de Mars. Whatever talent one may find in them, such Exhibitions will be inevitably monotonous. Painting cannot completely rid itself of all admiration for the past. The spectators who pass through these picture-galleries are, sometimes, thinking beings whom the happy juxtaposition of two complementaries will not wholly satisfy. One may be a colourist and yet paint historical pictures—what, in the slang of Parisian studios, are known as *grandes machines.* Rubens and Velasquez have well proved it. These are names that one may cite without disrespect to the founders of the National Society. Historical painting has probably remained in their minds as the type of formal imagery. The time is fitting for artists, fond of colour, to attack some great compositions and show themselves rightful heirs of David and Delacroix. We do not ask them to do over again the *Tableau des Lances* or the *Galerie de Médicis*, but all attempts in a similar direction would be hailed with joy by many people.

M. Gervex had a fine opportunity in his "Distribution of Prizes at the Palais de l'Industrie (International Exhibition of 1889)." The variety of costume lent itself to a glitter of colour; the stiffness of an official ceremony might have been condoned, attenuated, in that immense and many-coloured crowd. There was material for a fine decorative page. Unhappily, the artist has given us only the correct image of a cold ceremony. Do not accuse the kind of picture; all kinds are good. The important thing is not to feel emotion in an official canvas, which never lends itself to that. But a real artist can always let himself go on the enthusiasm of his art, the charm of his colour. Commemorative painting is in its fixity so frozen that it would perhaps be wise to confide its execution to the excentrics of the art, or the prodigal sons of modernism. The results thus obtained would without doubt be perfectly bad in themselves, but at the sight of some audacious discovery painters of the official might dare to infuse a little life into their pictures.

A NIGHT OF ITALY

A STENGEL

SHEEP FOLDS AT DRONTHEIM

M. Picard exhibits two fine portraits, that of "Madame la Comtesse de C." and that of "M. Dagnan-Bouveret." M. Roll's "Henri Rochefort" is excellent for the natural attitude and the truth of the resemblance. M. Jeanniot possesses in a very high degree the sense of the essential trait. Sometimes, even, he emphasizes it with such vigour that he goes near to caricature. This is certainly not the case in the portraits of "Madame T." and of "M. G. H." but our observation does not go far enough to explain a certain hardness in these canvases so expressive, all the same. We must note in passing a fine portrait of "Madame Dolorès de Guanabacoa," by M. Lottin. As to Messrs. Alexander and La Gandara, their manners—so different, however—meet on the common ground of representing the Society woman.

Mlle [illegible] at

Looking at things calmly, not taking count of a state of mind special to the artist and his model the paintings of M. Alexander

and those of M. La Gandara belong to the most superficial art. Despite a constant search for originality of pose, despite the perpetual and useless fear of seeming commonplace, we are struck neither by a large generous handling, master of itself, nor by a keen insight into human personality. One impression only imposes itself on the spectator; that of a constant straining after the rare, the strange, the not-yet-seen—straining all the more obvious that the artists are wholly devoid of real originality, that which reveals itself unlooked for. However, we must admit that there is an intimate connection between the represented and the representation. This Society painting befits Society people.

We have only to glance over the history of art to note the discontent and chagrin of the greatest artists before the obligation of a portrait of some princess or grand dame. The endless exactions, fantasies, whims, of his model impose upon the unhappy painter, sometimes a genius, perpetual changes in which his best qualities are lost. He must conform to the myriad tyrannies of the woman who means to be made what she would like to be, and who generally professes a thorough disdain for his art. One suffers for the painter under that subjection, limitless because irrational. Thus, how rare are the portraits in which one does not feel at every glance the all-powerful will of an imperious model. And how well one understands those sincere artists who refuse to weave that Penelope's web that is called the portrait of a Society woman!

But neither M. La Gandara nor M. Alexander seem to feel these inquietudes. They well represent Society-folk, men and women, as they are and as they would like to be. Don't let us attack them. In the end, they are right. One must work for the happiness of people despite themselves. That which one calls "Society" asks no more than this. By what right should a real painter give his emotion to those who do not, and are not in a position to, understand it? It would be so much wasted, and there is not

'AUGHT BY THE SNOW'

SWISS ALPS

DISTRIBUTION OF SOUP AT THE MARKET [illegible] PARIS

(WHITE & M. RHINE)

THE NIGHT OF 9TH - 10TH THERMIDOR

so much conviction among artists that it should be squandered in vain. As everyone else is content, let us be so also.

"Marseilles Roads," by M. Montenard, is a decorative panel intended for the palace of the *Union Française* at Constantinople. It may be thought that the real object of the picture occupies a very modest place in it. The French at Constantinople, who never forget the mother-land and regard with tenderness all that may recall one of its loveliest sites, may consider that the trellised terrace, whence the view is taken, assumes an importance on the canvas which they would rather see given to the town itself. The "Great Basin of the Tuileries" reproduces with a certain effectiveness one of the finest perspectives in the world.

The ceiling executed for the Sorbonne by M. Guillaume Dubufe is an allegory of Science and Poetry. This decorative work needs to be seen in place before we can estimate its value.

"Autumn," by M. René Ménard, gilt by the last gleams of the setting sun, is filled with tender poetry. It has escaped the contagion of white, which seems, after M. Puvis de Chavannes, to be the rule in decorative technique. M. Ménard has not been afraid to put gold on his canvas. This is no innovation, but a return to the true tradition of decoration. The artist is to be congratulated.

The visit of the Russian royalties has its echo at the Champ de Mars also. M. Dauphin has celebrated it in two marine pictures : "The Emperor and Empress of Russia going on board the *Hoche*" and "*Pole-Star* and the *Standard* approaching Cherbourg escorted by the French Squadron." M. Montenard has also sent a view of "The Evolutionary Squadron" treated with the dash he usually gives to his land and seascapes of Provence.

Few military pictures : this form of art feels out of place at the Champ de Mars. However, we must not omit the remarkable studies of cavalry by M. Guignard. "At the Outposts," "The Eve of Valmy," "Concentration of Cavalry at Dawn," "Cavalry

at Eylau," do not pretend to reconstruct history. The documentary side is almost absent, but personages and landscapes are treated with a special air of truth, and feeling for surroundings. It is not Meissonier, but the impression is clear and strong. We meet no other military studies of that value in the Salon, reserve made for many details of execution. M. Lafon's picture: "Declaration of War between the King of France and the Emperor of Austria, 1792" only deserves mention.

The rustic scenes of M. Lhermitte, the "Haysel" and the "End of the Day" respire the calm of the fields. Real country and real peasants, without any conventional touching-up. M. Lhermitte leaves them all their native roughness; perhaps, even, he gives them a touch more of harshness than they really have. What must be recognized is the noble freedom of this painting which remains individual after Millet and Jules Breton.

M. Muenier is the painter of tramps, of those wanderers who are nobody knows what. He does not paint those villanous vagabonds who live only by pillaging farms, and who, at need, set fire to the straw in which they have slept. He likes them honest; they have good faces; they are the disinherited, the resigned. His "Tramps" who rest and refresh themselves beside the stream, are really honest workmen whom one would like to meet. A great sympathy fills this picture, which is one of the best signed by the artist. The "Fairy Story" and above all the "Storm" are equally works of merit.

The "Peasant Lovers" of M. Aimé Perret have chosen to make love on a plain where they can be seen from all sides. Certainly, that may be a touch of truth; but an irresistable prejudice demands a more mysterious frame for these mysteries.

M. Cazin, like M. J. Breton, paints Artois, but Nature is so small a thing by herself, and in Art the vision of the artist so imperative, that these two painters, equally sincere, before the same scenes, seem to describe countries foreign and far removed.

It is true that with M. Breton the figure is dominant, while M. Cazin is only interested in landscape, but the difference of sentiment shows over all.

"In Time of Storm," "The Sands of Arbonne," "A Village in Artois," are full of nervous poetry; one feels the touch of a sensitive nature whose delicacy reaches exasperation. Nothing is less peaceful than these desert places, these denuded plains whence hovels rise. Everywhere is felt an indefinable vibration, which gives deep emotion to these rude desolate-looking sites.

ESCOULA — *Grief*

M. Iwill, who, under his English pseudonym, hides a good French painter, shows some delicate memories of Italy. He loves mist-effects, the undecided instant when objects half-define themselves in the dimness of twilight or of dawn. This is not the hour at which Corot surprized Nature, in the first wakening of the shade, but it is landscape wreathed in that veil of soft grey mist which gives objects their true significance. The view of Assisi interests by its strangeness; the "Italian Night" is a charming impression. One does not expect to see a nocturne of Venice with softened

forms, but the effect, perhaps unforeseen, is the more penetrating.

The "Marsh," by M. Damoye, when a little time has passed over it, may well take its place beside a Daubigny for the deep transparency of its distances. M. Stengelin's "Sheepfolds in Drenthe" are grey; damp, muddy ground beneath a misty sky. The impression is just.

M. Billotte does not go to Holland, like M. Stengelin, not even to Belgium, like everybody else; he stays at Paris, and his explorations around the great city are no less fruitful. The painters of Paris usually choose the finest sites on the course of the Seine; there in fact, motives abound, all unforeseen, all interesting. M. Billotte keeps to the faubourgs, or, rather, to the neighbourhood of the fortifications. There he finds corners, denuded, grey, desolate, as though gnawed by vermin, which he renders moving because he loves them. Among the crowd of cabins that warn the traveller of the approach to Paris, on these plains devastated as though by a cataclysm, abandoned quarries open themselves, caves which seem to harbour a people of troglodytes. On the summit, even at the bottom, of these chalky rocks, deserted huts, ruined houses, make one think of unknown disasters, of unpunished crimes. These are the landscapes over which M. Billotte lingers, of which he expresses the sinister poetry with rare strength. The excess of violet in the colouring of his previous exhibits diminished the real value of his work. To-day M. Billotte has rid himself of this *parti-pris* and renders exactly what he sees. So that this year's exhibits are wholly remarkable. The "Quarry at Nanterre," the "Quarry Path," the "Folie-Bezons," attest a painter arrived at the complete possession of his talent.

Among foreign landscapists, M. Willaert must rank in the first line. He shows a beautifully-executed series of views at Ghent. His "Old Canal with Red-tiled Roofs," slumbers in deep peace under the sunshine; not a line on the water, not a ripple; a

E ROESEL GRANGER

THE SLEEP WALKER

liquid mirror in which are reflected the red roofs of the sleepy houses, the innumerable shadows of the ancient walls that line its either side. In his "Canal at Ghent, Morning Effect," the effect is still more delicate. Here all is cool, and grey; water, sky, and houses. It is just before sunrise, when light is everywhere, its rays nowhere; an exquisite poetry of provincial calm transpires from this landscape, before which one should linger.

Among the *genre* painters at the Champ de Mars, it is to be noted that some seem to have agreed on doing old painting. M. Prinet in his "Girls in a Workroom" has remembered over well the "Spinners" of Velasquez. M. Boulard in his Parisian interiors has looked too long upon the interiors in the museums, browned by time. Like M. Griveau in landscape these young artists have made old new. It is a pity.

M. Dinet, on the contrary, is a man of his time. The "Courtisan" and "Sorrow" are Algerian types of a violence of colour that gives them character. "On the Cliffs," by M. Adrien Moreau, is only a woman, in 1830 costume, standing on a cliff. Why? "At Home," by M. Stewart, is an English drawing-room, chosen place for tea and flirtation. M. Rosset-Granger shows the portrait of a lady walking, lamp in hand: "The Somnambulist." M. Biessy shows us a man sitting at a table, having a spirit-bottle beside him. "What evil is comparable to alcohol?" asks the title. It is purely literary painting. The "Distribution of Soup at the Markets" of Paris on a winter's morning is a lamentable spectacle by which M. J.-J. Rousseau seeks to touch us with the misery of the poor. Alas! there is a long way between a good deed and a fine work of art. M. Frappa has neither so much philosophy nor much humanity; he seeks only the agreeable, as in his "Rose-Girl" and he is all the surer of popularity.

Before descending to the sculpture, we must cite an austere seascape by M. Mesdag, "Storm on the Beach of Scheveninghen"; a pretty sea-view by M. Courant, "Return of the Shrimpers";

a mountain landscape by M. Ruch, "Caught in the Snow"; and an agreable memory of Algeria, "Fantasy" by M. Girardet.

SCULPTURE

The sculpture at the Champ de Mars cannot be compared with that at the Champs Elysées; not that its importance is so very different, but that the ideas inspiring it are so opposed. The plastic doctrine of the one is the opposite to that of the other. Here it is no longer pure plastic, the research for beauty of line, for harmony of proportion. That school is abandoned or nearly so. Nothing but expressive sculpture; the search for beauty in movement, in colour, in all that constitutes the personality of a human being. A Periklean Greek would note with satisfaction the perfection of execution, but would lament the weakening absence of the decorative sense which reveals itself in our best sculptors. Thus, the busts, or expressive heads, form almost the whole attraction of the Champ de Mars; the decorative compositions, like the "Monument of the Dead," by M. Bartholomé, are worth more for the profound sentiment that animates them than for balance of composition or excellence of technique.

The fragment of the "Monument of the Dead," executed in stone, has preserved the intensity of sorrow which animates it. Here is the triumph of mind over matter, technique, design, form, colour—over all. It is impossible to look without emotion on this couple, extended in their tomb in the attitude of two comrades who died as they had lived, in absolute union of hearts. The tiny body of their child, thrown between them, links them closer still. These three beings symbolize all that man can love in this lower world, all that gives a reason of being to his passage upon earth. The group is only valuable through the deep feeling that

FAGEL

THE BURDEN OF LIFE

SALON 1889.

has guided the artist's hand; it is the real Christian art, without the grace, the beauty—above all, the serenity which gave the ancients such grandeur in face of death, considered by them as rest after a journey, as peace after strife. But that conception has died out of the popular mind, and lives only in certain lofty souls. This which has inspired M. Bartholomé is the only one that can be generally understood. It has its charm, its constant philosophy, and the sculptor's work keeps a significance which will assure it a considerable place among contemporary statuary.

Another tomb, that of Alexandre Dumas the younger, by M. de Saint-Marceau, demands attention. In the form that he has given to his work, he has only followed the indications of the dead writer. "After my death," he wrote in his will, "I am to be clad in one of my usual working-costumes, my feet bare." This desire, piously carried out, forbids us to ask if the artist left to his own inspiration, would not have given another form to this monument. He has, at least, put into it all the perfection of execution of which it was capable, and has treated the marble with rare delicacy. But, for the general effect, we must wait until it is in place, when certain exaggerated proportions will be rectified: we allude to the size of the crown which shelters the forehead of the dramatist.

M. Rodin shows the rough model of his monument of Victor Hugo. We were among the first to salute the talent of M. Rodin, at a time when juries and the public were far from accepting him. To-day his triumph is complete and it would be futile to praise him. We regret that the monument to Victor Hugo is not advanced enough to enable its proper appreciation, and serve as an occasion for speaking of all the expression embodied in such vibrating sculpture. We know enough of the sculptor's methods to be sure that all imperfections of detail will be effaced, that improvement will go on up to the last moment under the guidance of an artistic conscience that is never satisfied; we know

also with what perfection the details of the whole will he wrought. In its present state, the monument is a beautiful promise. Let us hope that next year the promise will he kept, and that we may admire without needing to give credit to friendship or to admiration.

M. Dalou's "Triumph of Silenus" has retained in the bronze the movement and colour it already possessed in its previous form. M. Dalou continues with rare vigour the tradition of the French School of sculpture. He might be ranged along with the great artists, with Coysevox and Coustou, who have made Versailles the most beautiful centre of the art of two centuries. His art owes nothing to the Gothic nor to the Florentines; he revives the antique, seen through the French tradition, which is perhaps all that we could stand. The "Triumph of Silenus" might not unworthily stand on the *grand parterre*, in front of the château; it would be in its place alike for intention and for value. Outside all those exotic influences, which every twenty years, attract our artistic vision, it is pleasant to find a talent which takes up the art where Houdon left it for portraits and the sculptors of Versailles for decorative effect. M. Dalou may be assured from to day of a high place in our art. But what is he doing at the Champ de Mars?

DALOU — P. of Mr Cresson

"Wine," bas-relief by M. Baffier, is the continuation of the motives for decoration he has exhibited for some years past, and

of which he successfully endeavours to renew the originality. It is certain that he has introduced new themes into ornamental statuary, themes which open hitherto untrodden paths. The introduction of rustic personages into sculpture is a return to the pure traditions of the later middle-ages. But those times are now so far away in spirit that it is a surprise to re-find them. However that may be, the element is fecund; difficult of interpretation, but capable of giving a penetrating savour to a work.

M. Agathon Léonard exhibits rough models representing the ribbon dance. They are attitudes of dancing girls, rolling and unrolling themselves in fluttering ribbons. Most are charming. They remind one of those Tanagra statuettes, so small in size and so great in art.

We cannot tell what these figures will be like when enlarged; as they are they are delicious.

"The Burden of Life" is symbolized by M. Fagel in the shape of an old woman, seated, whose hands rest on two sticks. The allegory would have been clear enough without the crutches. The funerary statue of M. Escoula, "Sorrow," is simple in attitude and adequate in expression. M. Le Duc has done a splendid bust of M. Georges du Dramard. The "Bakers," by M. Charpentier, are an adaptation of Assyrian art, of which the "Frieze of the Archers," in the Louvre, is such an astonishing model. The attempt is interesting and will give rise to curious modifications in our decorative monumental art. M. Injalbert is the sculptor of satyrs and bacchantes. His marble vase shows them in their drunken fury. The whole possesses that impetuous life which he has made the particular sign of his talent. We judge him not only on this exhibit; both for Paris and for Montpellier he has created powerful decorations which mark him one of the masters of the art.

On the whole, though scattered, the Exhibition of Sculpture upholds itself by the exceptional value of certain works, which,

for the most part, however, have their appropriate place in the rival Salon. It seems to us, however, that it comes near to having exhausted its originality. For, after all, the themes of expression are fewer than one would think. And then, each epoch understands expression after its own manner: how little do the sentiments interest us that stirred our fathers! Whereas the forms of a line diversify themselves to infinity, and their beauty, depending neither on fashion nor on time, endure for ever. The three thousand statues that stood on the Acropolis differed among themselves only by their attitude.

GASTON SCHÉFER.

BAFFIER *Wine* *plaster bas relief*

LIST OF AWARDS

PAINTING

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. H. Harpignies.

First Medal.

M. P. A. Laurens.

Second Medals.

MM. A. Charpin, L. P. Sergent, M. Perret, E. Maxence, Mlle G. Achille-Fould, MM. A. Gosselin, G. Bilbao, P. Jobert, G. Bergès, R. M. Fath, J. O. Triquet, A. A. Balouzet, E. de Dieudonné, H. Voilet, E. L. Chayllery, E. Bisson.

Third Medals.

Mlle C. H. Dufau, MM. A. O. F. Bernast, C. G. Gasté, C. Fouqueray, E. A. Wéry, G. Scott, L. Loeb, H. O. Tanner, J. Smith-Lewis, G. H. Burdy, A. Cresswell, M. Demonts, A. M. Rambaud, Mlles E. G. Cohen, A. Delasalle, MM. J. G. F. Sabatté, C. L. Godeby, J. Fraser, A. C. L. Lavalley, E. Aurèche. S. P. F. Grateyrolles, J. Calvé, J. A. Grun, V. Lecomte, A. Matignon, A. Magne, J. G. Rosier, P. Petit-Gérard, H. Darien, J. Garibaldi.

"Mentions honorables."

MM. V. Lhomme, C. de Marinitsch, M. Benner, E. Amas, H. Gourse, J. Cayron, L. V. Guirand de Scevola, T. Synave, J. A. Ruellan, Mlles A. Claude, Z. Durruthy, MM. M. Bottin, E. Mondineu, G. Lemaitre, L. Cavallier, O. de Faber du Faur, L. Mark, Mlle M. A. R. Delorme, MM. G.-H. Burdy, A. K. Brodie, D. Lucas, Mme E. A. Georget, M. E. Chahin, Mlle A. Tirard, MM. A. M. Raynolt, H. Zo, B. L. Eymieu, H. Jamet, Mme L. Chatrousse, MM. H. Courselles-Dumont, J. Rizo, P. Madeline, Mme H. Maréchal, MM. B. F. Schmid, P. R. Schutzenberger, L. F. G. Bonhomme, H. E. Rudaux, Mlles A. Bouillier, D. Bulo, MM. H. N. Walcot, A. Chanut, R. du Gardier, L. de Joncières, E. Martens, H. d'Estienne, Mlle J. Tailleférie, MM. I. E. Boisson, P. Antin, J. A. Duvocelle.

SCULPTURE

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. M. Moreau.

First Medals.

MM. F. Sicard, G. M. V. Bareau.

Second Medals.

MM. J. J. Pendariès, A. J. Octobre, A. C. Forestier, G. Guittet, E. Laporte, A. F. Desruelles, H. F. Coutheillas, P. Lecourtier. *Engraving :* J. L. Deschamps, B. Hildebrand.

Third Medals.

MM. A. Clerget, G. Debrie, H. Schmid, L. Breitel, C.-T. Perron, J. G. Sentis de Villemur, J. L. R. Villeneuve, E. P. Bénet, G. Calvet, A. D. Roze, P. Laurent. *Engraving :* J. M. Delpech.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. E. J. Ferrand, F. Brou, M. Tissot, E. Guillemin, F. Lecoq, J. V. Badin, J. Cassaigne, F. X. Escudero, A. M. Verdier, G. Embry, L. Coustaury, A. Bourlange, J. Lorieux, B. L. Pratt, L. Riché, J. Ascoli, Mme M. A. Demagnez, Mlle M. Blanchon, MM. J. L. Guigues, H. Pernot, G. Surand, E. P. Mérite, H. Crenier, Mlle J. Jozon, M. C. L. Malric, Mlle A. Maniel, MM. H. Kautsch, F. da S. Gouveia, V. Aimone, F. D. Wood, S. A. Loys-Potet, M. Jampolsky. *Engraving :* MM. J. E. Roiné, O. Yencesse.

ARCHITECTURE

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. A. A. Marcel.

First Medal.

M. E. Pontrémoli.

Second Medals.

MM. H. T. E. Eustache, G. Morin-Goustiaux, L. P. Blanc, A. E. Maistrasse, in collaboration with J. C. M. Berger, J. C. M. Berger, in collaboration with M. A. E. Maistrasse.

Third Medals.

MM. T. Garnier, L. H. Woog, J. Pailhès, H. Guillaume, C. J. Chaussepied, J. G. A. Hébrard, H. J. L. Legrand, in collaboration with M. D. Demierre, D. Demierre, in collaboration with M. H. J. L. Legrand.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. E. J. Bourbier, J. R. A. Carré, L. Chesnay, E. P. Demur, W. C. Tichmuller, L. Guyot, in collaboration with M. E. Pottier, E. Pottier, in collaboration with M. L. Guyot, L. Hervey-Picard, A. Jasson, C. H. Legresle, A. J. M. Mesnager, V. L. Olivier, A. G. F. Rome, E. Thibeau.

ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. A. Sirouy.

First Medal.

M. E. Burney *(line engraving)*.

Second Medals.

MM. C. Fonce *(etching)*; L. I. Journot *(line engraving)*; H. N. Dugourd *(lithography)*; P. Gusman *(wood engraving)*; J. J. Tinayre *(wood engraving)*.

Third Medals.

MM. R. P. Huet *(etching)*; C. Bellanger *(lithography)*; G. de Ruaz *(wood engraving)*; H. F. Alasonière *(etching)*; P. Tressy *(lithography)*; P. Mallet *(etching)*; A. Lachnitt *(lithography)*; G. Profit *(line engraving)*.

"Mentions Honorables."

Mme H. Tian *(etching)*; M. A. Boclet, *(etching)*; Mlle L. Bourges *(etching)*; MM. E. Roux *(etching)*; A. Jamas *(line engraving)*; H. Reidel *(line engraving)*; E. J. Fattorini *(line engraving)*; P. H. Fritel *(line engraving)*; C. Dupont *(line engraving)*; L. A. C. Hodebert *(lithography)*; L. L. A. Canivet *(lithography)*; Mme J. Granès *(lithography)*; MM. F. A. Leleu *(lithography)*; G. J. Brunon *(lithography)*; R. Boutillié *(lithography)*; M. J. Lamy *(wood engraving)*; G. M. J. Lemoine *(wood engraving)*; T. Girardet *(wood engraving)*; L. Jarraud *(wood engraving)*; G. L. Blondeau *(wood engraving)*.

SUB-SECTION OF DECORATIVE ART

(in connection with the 4 sections)

First Medals.

MM. L. A. Rivière-Théodore, R. Lalique.

Second Medal.

M. G. Engrand.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. M. Blondat, P. Richard, P. J. Ruban, L. Bigaux.

"Prix Marie Bashkirtseff."

M. G. Lemaître.

"Prix de Raigecourt-Goyon."

M. H. Darien.

Supplementary Prizes awarded by the Comité de Peinture.

MM. V. Lhomme, H. D. Etcheverry.

LIST OF WORKS OF ART

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MM. Adler (J.) . . . . . *The Weary.*
Albert (G.) . . . . . *Gargilesse.*
Bail (J.) . . . . . *The Housewife.*
Ballue (P.) . . . . . *The Rocks of Douce—Morning.*
Baschet (M.) . . . . . *Portrait of Madame P.*
Béronneau (M. P. A.) . . . . *In the Studio.*
Billotte (R.) . . . . . *Quarry at Nanterre.*
Bolling (Mlle S.) . . . . . *Salmon Fishery in Norway.*
Bompard (M.) . . . . . *Prayer to the Madonna.*
Bordes (E.) . . . . . *Study.*
Boulard (E.) . . . . . *The Lesson.*
Bourgogne (P.) . . . . . *Summer.*
Bourgonnier (C.) . . . . . *Caida del Picador (Fall of the Picador).*
Buland (E. J.) . . . . . *Before the Relics.*
Burdy (G. H.) . . . . . *Portrait of my Mother.*
Cabanes (L. F.) . . . . . *Joan of Arc.*
Cagniart (E.) . . . . . *The Palace of Justice.*
Carolus-Duran (E. A.) . . . *Portraits of Madame G. F. and her children.*
Cesbron (A.) . . . . . *Bouquet of Roses.*
David-Nillet (G.) . . . . . *The Labourer and his Children.*
Delacroix-Garnier (Mme P.) . *"Quinte et Quatorze," Game of Piquet.*
Demont (A. L.) . . . . . *Moonrise in Winter.*
Dennery (G. L.) . . . . . *The Gleaner of the Shore.*
Didier-Pouget (W.) . . . . *Heather in Bloom, the Plain of Tarbes.*
Dinet (A. E.) . . . . . *The Courtisan.*
Dufau (Mlle C. H.) . . . . . *Water Babies.*
Fantin-Latour (H.) . . . . . *Night*
Fouqueray (C.) . . . . . *Trafalgar.*
Garaud (G. C.) . . . . . *The Bay of Douarnenez.*
Garibaldi (J.) . . . . . *The Gate of Aude, City of Carcassonne.*
Gasté (C. G.) . . . . . *In the Street, at Bou-Saada (Algeria).*
Gervais (P.) . . . . . *The Madness of Titania.*
Girardot (L. A.) . . . . . *The Light of Remembrance (Jewish Feast in Morocco).*
Guinier (H.) . . . . . *Psyché and Love.*
Helleu (P. C.) . . . . . *Pond in the Park at Versailles.*
Iwill (M. J.) . . . . . *Assisi.*
Laurent (E. J.) . . . . . *Sicili (decorative panel).*
Machard (J.) . . . . . *Portrait of Madame J. M.*
Muenier (J. A.) . . . . . *The Tramps.*
Olive (J. B.) . . . . . *On the Cornice, Marseilles.*
Petit-Gérard (P.) . . . . . *After the Manœuvres.*
Petitjean (E.) . . . . . *The Mill-Stream at Gerbéviller (Lorraine).*
Picquefeu (R. F.) . . . . . *Old Woodcutter of the Vosges.*
Quost (E.) . . . . . *Summer Flowers.*
Richon-Brunet . . . . . *The Plaza de los Toros at Seville.*
Ridel (L. M. J.) . . . . . *At the Water's Edge.*
Rigolot (A. G.) . . . . . *On the Road from Kardada.*
Royer (H.) . . . . . *Communicants.*

MM. Sabaté (J. G. F.) . . . . . *Interior of St. Germain-des-Prés.*
Scherrer (J. J.) . . . . . *Joan of Arc Leaving Vaucouleurs.*
Tanner (H. O.) . . . . . *Resurrection of Lazarus.*
Triquet (J. O.) . . . . . *The Act of Faith: Communicants.*
Villedieu (Mlle M.) . . . . . *The Flower-Girl.*

WATER-COLOURS, PASTELS, DRAWINGS

Mlle Breslau (L. C.) . . . . . *Group of Little Girls*, pastel.
Mme Marlef (M.) . . . . . *Nymph Stooping*, pastel.

SCULPTURE

MM. Bénet (E. P.) . . . . . *Obsession*, plaster statue.
Captier (F. E.) . . . . . *Despair*, marble statue.
Charpentier (A. L. M.) . . . "*Narcissus*" (stoneware by Emile Muller).
Charpentier (F. M.) . . . . *Falling Star*, marble statue.
Cheyré (P.) . . . . . *Flora's Awakening*, marble statue.
Desruelles (A. F.) . . . . . *Pastoral*, plaster high-relief.
Fagel (L.) . . . . . *The Burden of Life*, statue in stone.
Fresnaye (Mlle M.) . . . . . *Infant Jesus Asleep*, relief, coloured wax.
Gérôme (J. L.) . . . . . *Bonaparte Entering Cairo.*
Houdain (A. d'). . . . . *The Weighing*, plaster group.
Icard (H.) . . . . . *The Foolish Virgins*, plaster group.
Itasse (Mlle J.) . . . . . *Head of Bacchante*, marble bust.
Jacques (M.) . . . . . *Female Bust*, bronze.
Jacquot (C.) . . . . . *Man and Wolves*, decorative group in plaster.
Léonard (A.) . . . . . *Despair*, marble statue.
Syamour (Mme M.) . . . . . *Sappho Sleeping*, plaster statue.

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M. Gilbault (F.) . . . . . *Admiral Vallon.*

DECORATIVE ART

MM. Allouard (H. E.) . . . . . *Fishing*, decorative vase in bronze, marble, ivory, and gold.
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